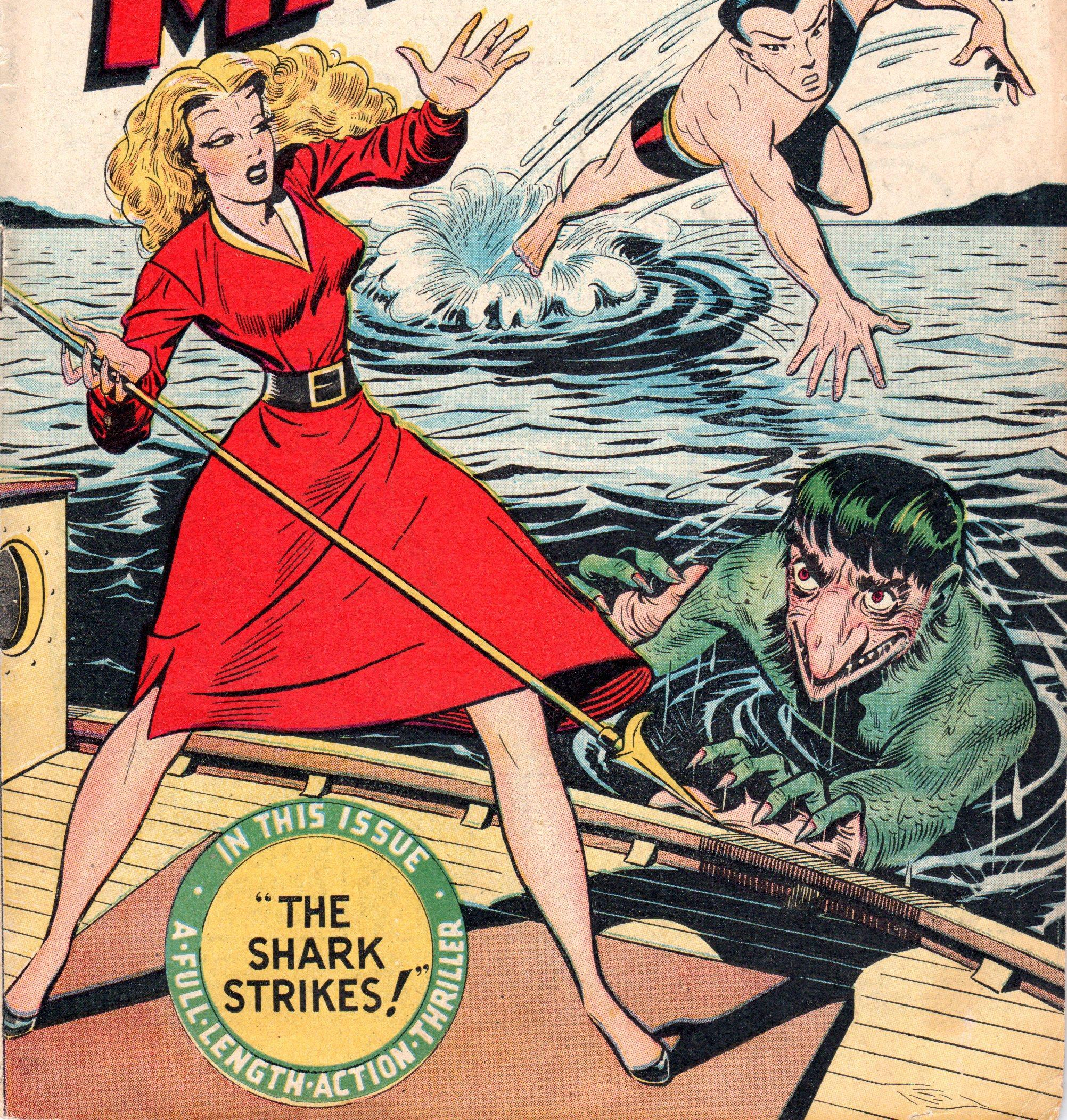
SUB-MARINER

COMICS

NO. 23

10¢
K



IN THIS ISSUE

"THE SHARK STRIKES!"

A·FULL·LENGTH·ACTION·THRILLER

The Amazing Toy You've Read So Much About in Satevepost, Popular Mechanics and other magazines: The editors have been utterly entranced by this uncanny toy. Children and grown-ups amuse themselves for hours with it.

HERE IT IS!
"ACTION TOY"
"Mr. Walker"

IT WALKS! IT BOUNCES! IT CRAWLS!

This amazing action toy combines the fun of a yo-yo, the elusiveness of a bouncing rubber ball, the entertainment of "yogi" tricks.

Nothing like this ever seen before. It actually moves itself. Nothing to wind or attach. No motor. Just set it on the top step of any stairway, tilt the top part of coil to next step. Presto! As if by some magic force it "walks" or "crawls" end-over-end coiling and uncoiling as it moves itself from step to step until it reaches the bottom.

It Mystifies for Hours on End!

Greatest amusement for parties. Children and adults are fascinated for hours as they put "Mr. Walker" through its paces. You've never seen such fun as they have with this latest action toy. Get one, and be the life of your neighborhood. See all the other tricks you can do with "Mr. Walker" like making 2 of them "race" down steps. It's fun to see which one will win. Then, like a yo-yo, you can "throw" it and it comes back to your palm. Many other tricks explained in circular in package.

SEND US NO MONEY

Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us TODAY. We will mail "Mr. Walker" to you. On arrival simply deposit only $1.00 for each one you order, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

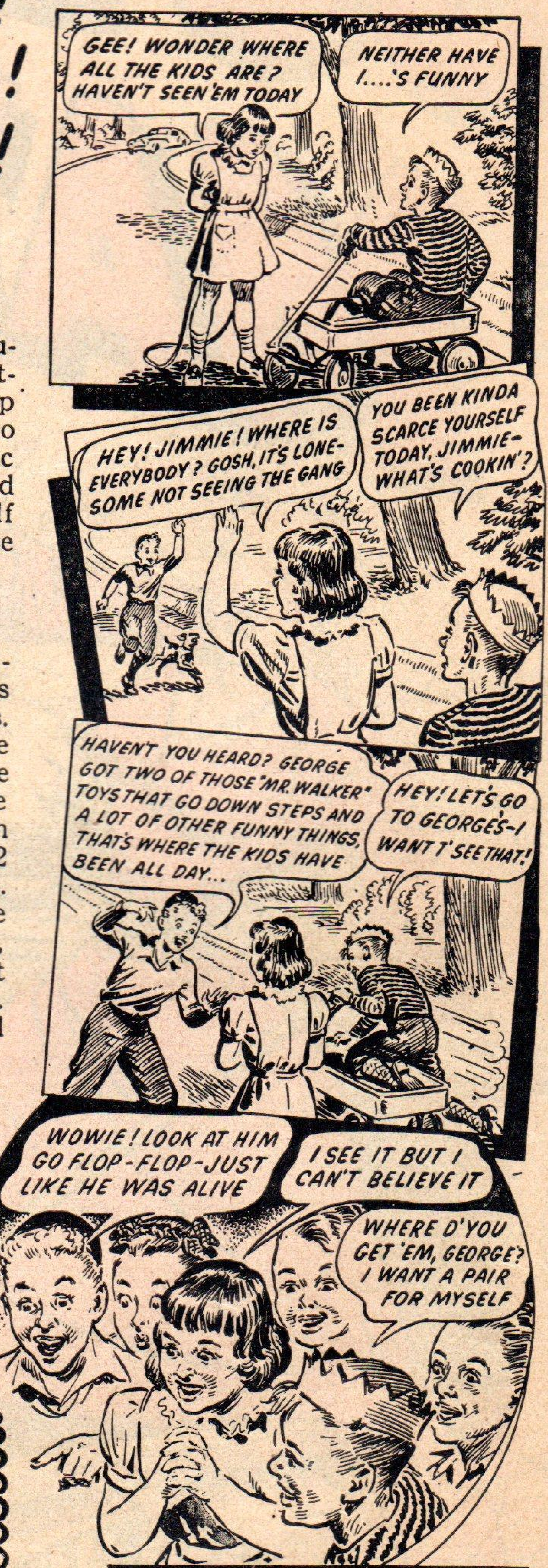
TRAVIS PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 54-H
224 W. Huron St.
Chicago 10, Ill.

Please send me..........Mr. Walkers. On arrival I will deposit $1.00 for each one I ordered, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

Name..

Address..

City................Zone............State........


GEE! WONDER WHERE ALL THE KIDS ARE? HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM TODAY
NEITHER HAVE I....'S FUNNY
HEY! JIMMIE! WHERE IS EVERYBODY? GOSH, IT'S LONESOME NOT SEEING THE GANG
YOU BEEN KINDA SCARCE YOURSELF TODAY, JIMMIE-WHAT'S COOKIN'?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? GEORGE GOT TWO OF THOSE "MR. WALKER" TOYS THAT GO DOWN STEPS AND A LOT OF OTHER FUNNY THINGS. THAT'S WHERE THE KIDS HAVE BEEN ALL DAY...
HEY! LET'S GO TO GEORGE'S-I WANT T' SEE THAT!
WOWIE! LOOK AT HIM GO FLOP-FLOP-JUST LIKE HE WAS ALIVE
I SEE IT BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
WHERE D'YOU GET 'EM, GEORGE? I WANT A PAIR FOR MYSELF

MAIL THE ORDER COUPON TODAY
SEND NO MONEY

SUB-MARINER COMICS is published quarterly by MANVIS PUBLICATIONS, INC. Office of Publication 169 Pratt Street, Meriden, Conn. Editorial Offices, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, 1, N.Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1947 by MANVIS PUBLICATIONS, INC., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Vol. 1, No. 23, Summer, 1947. Price 40c per year. No similarity between any of the names, characters persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

SUB-MARINER
"THE SHARK STRIKES!"
R-526

ON A DARK, MID-SUMMER NIGHT, PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, SWIMS CLOSE TO THE DOCKS AT NEW YORK'S "BATTERY"..........
QUIET, JOE! THERE SHE IS!
SHARON SALVAGE COMPANY
HELLO? WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN HERE?
....AND WITNESSES A SLIGHT CASE OF MAYHEM!
SHE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT! T'ROW 'ER IN BACK -- WE'LL LEAVE 'ER IN CLANCY'S 'OLE T'COOL OFF!
NOT SO LOUD JOE!
HER OL' MAN'LL BLOW 'IS TOP W'EN 'E 'EARS 'BOUT DIS, EH, MIKE?
SURE - BUT IT'S THE BOSS'S IDEA - AND IT'LL CINCH THE JOB FOR US!
---AND AS THE POWER-BOAT SPEEDS AWAY, NAMOR FOLLOWS AT A DISCREET DISTANCE.....
THIS SHOULD BE WORTH INVESTIGATING!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE BOAT PULLS UP TO AN OBSCURE LANDING BENEATH A DESERTED WHARF....
SHE'S STILL OUT, MIKE...
GOOD! DON'T LET HER COME TO!

BRING HER UP HERE -- CLANCY'LL TAKE CARE OF HER WHEN HE GETS HERE!
HMMM --- THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY ORDINARY KIDNAPPING CASE --- THE GIRL DOESN'T LOOK WEALTHY --- THOSE TORPEDOES'LL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE! THEN I'LL SEE WHAT THE GAL HAS TO SAY FOR HERSELF ----
NAMOR CONCEALS HIMSELF BEHIND A PILING AS THE TWO MEN REAPPEAR AND STEP INTO THEIR BOAT -------
I GOT A FEELIN' WE'RE BEIN' WATCHED, MIKE ---
DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU'RE JUST NERVOUS!
--- AND, AS THEY LEAVE, DARTS UP THE STAIRS ---
HELLO! GOT YOU PRETTY WELL TRUSSED UP, EH, LASSIE? WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF IT IN A JIFFY!
COME ON, SNAP OUT OF IT! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ---? OH-OH! THIS IS GETTING ME NOWHERE --- MAYBE WHAT YOU NEED IS A DIP IN SOME NICE COLD SALT-WATER!
3
COME WITH ME, PET! WE'LL TAKE A TRIP OVER TO MY LAUNCH --- YOU CAN DRY OFF THERE, AND THEN CRY ON PAPA'S SHOULDER --- I NEED TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
OOOOH-H-H!

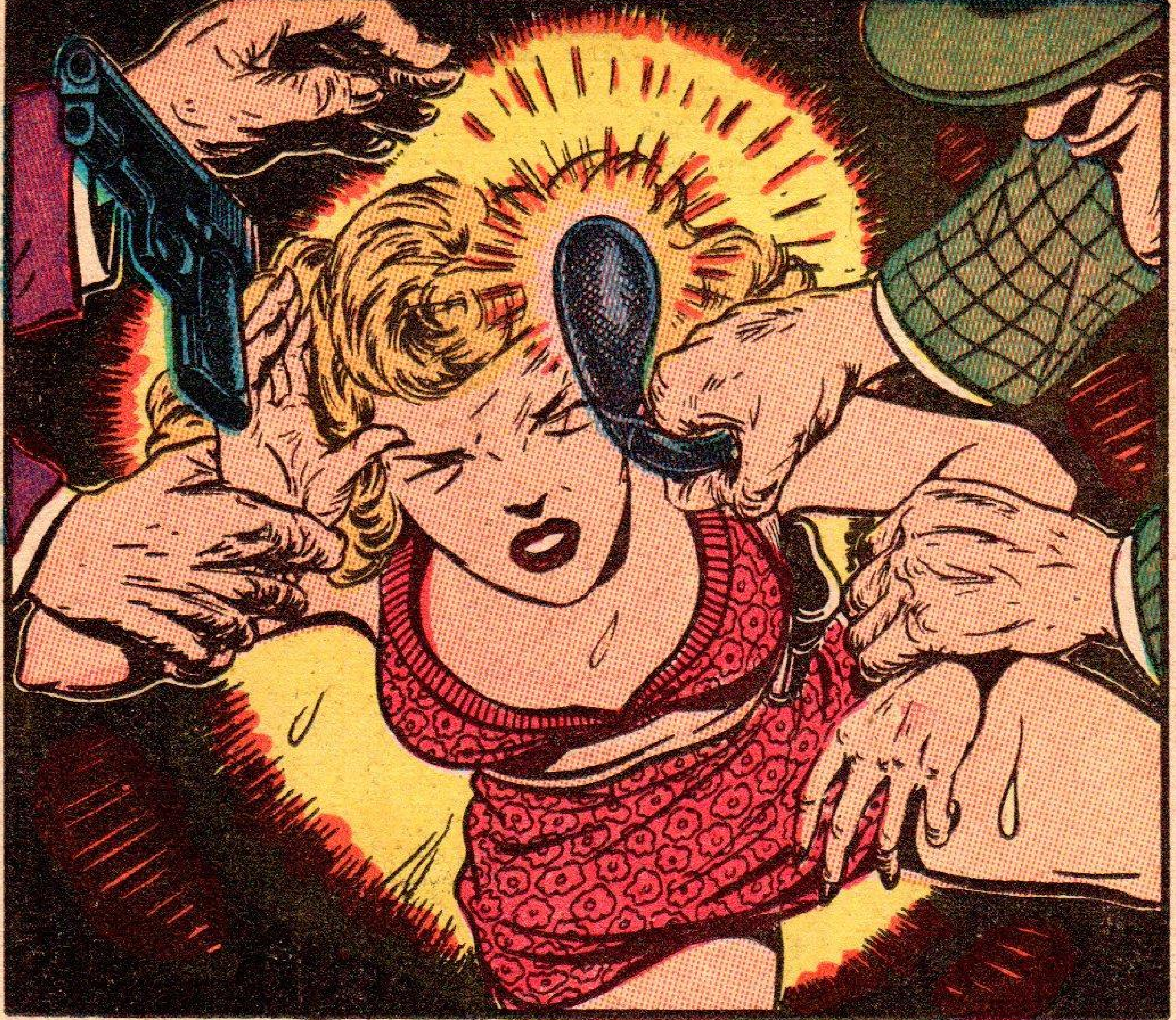
THERE SHE IS, SWEETHEART! NOW TO GET YOU ABOARD AND SEE IF YOU KNOW WHO YOUR TWO BOY-FRIENDS WERE ---IF YOU CAN REMEMBER THAT FAR BACK! ---AND THERE'S THE SMALL MATTER OF A PHONE-CALL TO MAKE ---
ABOARD HIS LAUNCH, NAMOR USES THE SHIP-TO-SHORE TELEPHONE...
HELLO ---BETTY? COME OUT TO THE BOAT AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN ---I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP!
----AND, TEN MINUTES LATER----
SHE'S SLEEPING NOW---
WHY, NAMOR! THAT'S SHEILA BARROW, DAUGHTER OF "DEEP-SEA DAN", THE SALVAGE OPERATOR! HOLD IT---SHE'S WAKING UP! WHAT HAPPENED, HONEY?
I-I DON'T KNOW! I THINK IT MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE SALVAGE JOB DADDY GOT THIS MORNING ---HE'S GOING TO TRY TO RAISE THE "MARTA CARLA"---
SUFFERIN' SHAD! THAT'S THE SPANISH SHIP THAT WENT DOWN WITH A CARGO OF GOLD BULLION!
THAT'S A GOOD HAUL FOR ANY SALVAGE COMPANY! LOOKS LIKE MAYBE SOMEONE WANTS TO TAKE THE JOB AWAY FROM DAN, AND IS USING HIS DAUGHTER FOR A PAWN --- I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE SALVAGE-SITE!
BUT, EVEN AS NAMOR LEAVES, A SMALL POWER-BOAT PULLS ALONGSIDE, AND TWO SHADOWY FIGURES BOARD THE LAUNCH!
QUIET, NOW! HE MUST'VE TAKEN HER BELOW---- FOLLOW ME!

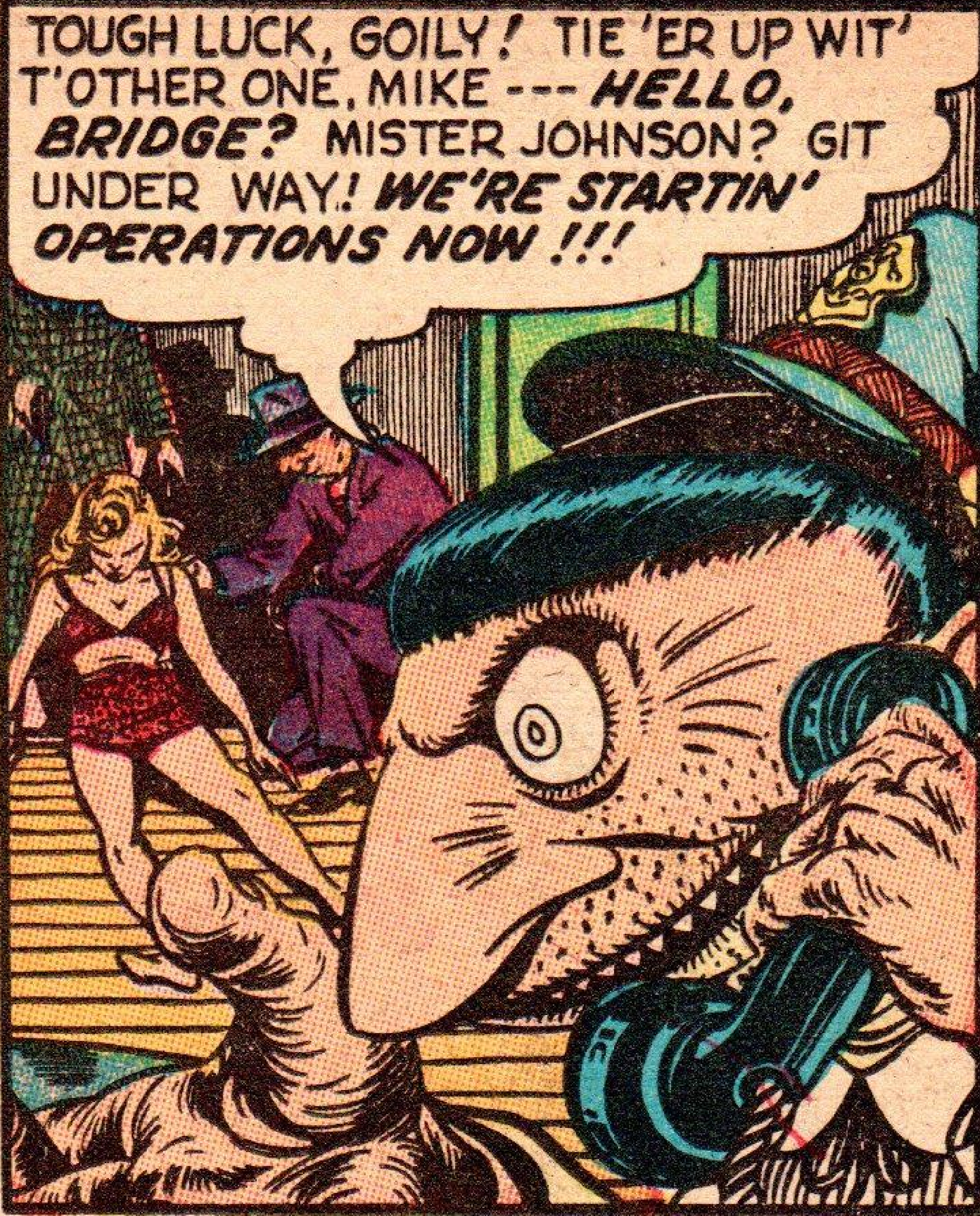
GRAB THAT OTHER DAME, JOE! THROW HER IN THE CLOSET AND LOCK THE DOOR!
HEY!
THAT'LL HOLD HER FOR A WHILE --- TILL WE GET THIS ONE OUT TO THE SHIP, ANYWAY. WE SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO LEAVE HER AT CLANCY'S!
GOOD T'ING WE WENT BACK, HEY, MIKE? WE SEEN DAT GUY SNATCH D'DAME!
---BUT, INSIDE THE CABIN ------
THIS LOCK NEVER WAS ANY GOOD!
CRACK!
---AND, A MOMENT LATER, AT THE HELM OF NAMOR'S POWERFUL LAUNCH, BETTY IS IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE KIDNAPPERS' SPEEDBOAT!
THEY'RE HEADING FOR THAT SHIP ---- GOOD! ---- I'LL SLIP INTO THE COVE BEHIND 'EM!
---WELL-HIDDEN IN THE COVE, BETTY GOES BELOW, DONS HER SWIM-SUIT, STRAPS AN AUTOMATIC TO HER SIDE, AND LEAVES THE LAUNCH ---
----AND, THREE MINUTES LATER, REACHES THE ANCHOR-CHAIN OF THE SILENT SHIP---
THIS IS ALMOST TOO EASY! BUT FROM HERE ON OUT---??? OH WELL, SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO THE DIRTY WORK, AND NAMOR ISN'T HERE!

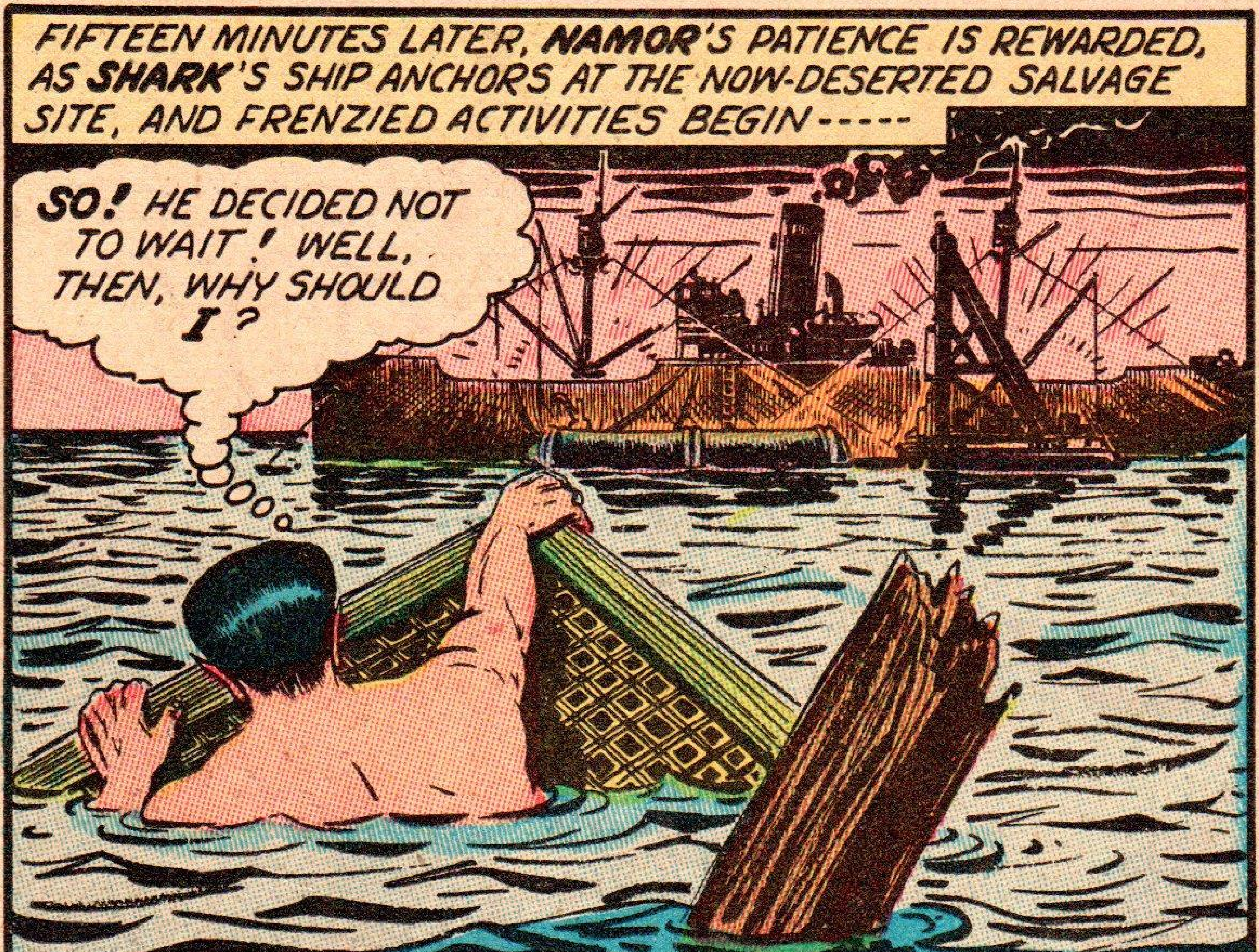
NOW, LET'S LEAVE BETTY IN THIS ODD SITUATION, AND SEE WHAT THE SUB-MARINER IS UP TO ---
THE "DON JUAN" – THAT'S DEEP-SEA DAN'S SALVAGE SHIP! EVERYTHING LOOKS OKAY ON THE SURFACE -- BUT THERE'S STILL SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT ALL THIS! PERHAPS A LITTLE TRIP BELOW -----
---- WILL PROVE INTERESTING!
OH-OH! UNLOADING THE BULLION BY HAND – AND NO ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE SHIP! LOOKS LIKE LOOTING ----- HEY! I HEAR PROPELLER VIBRATIONS!
HELLO! KINDA LATE FOR VISITORS — WONDER WHAT'S UP?
WHOOM!

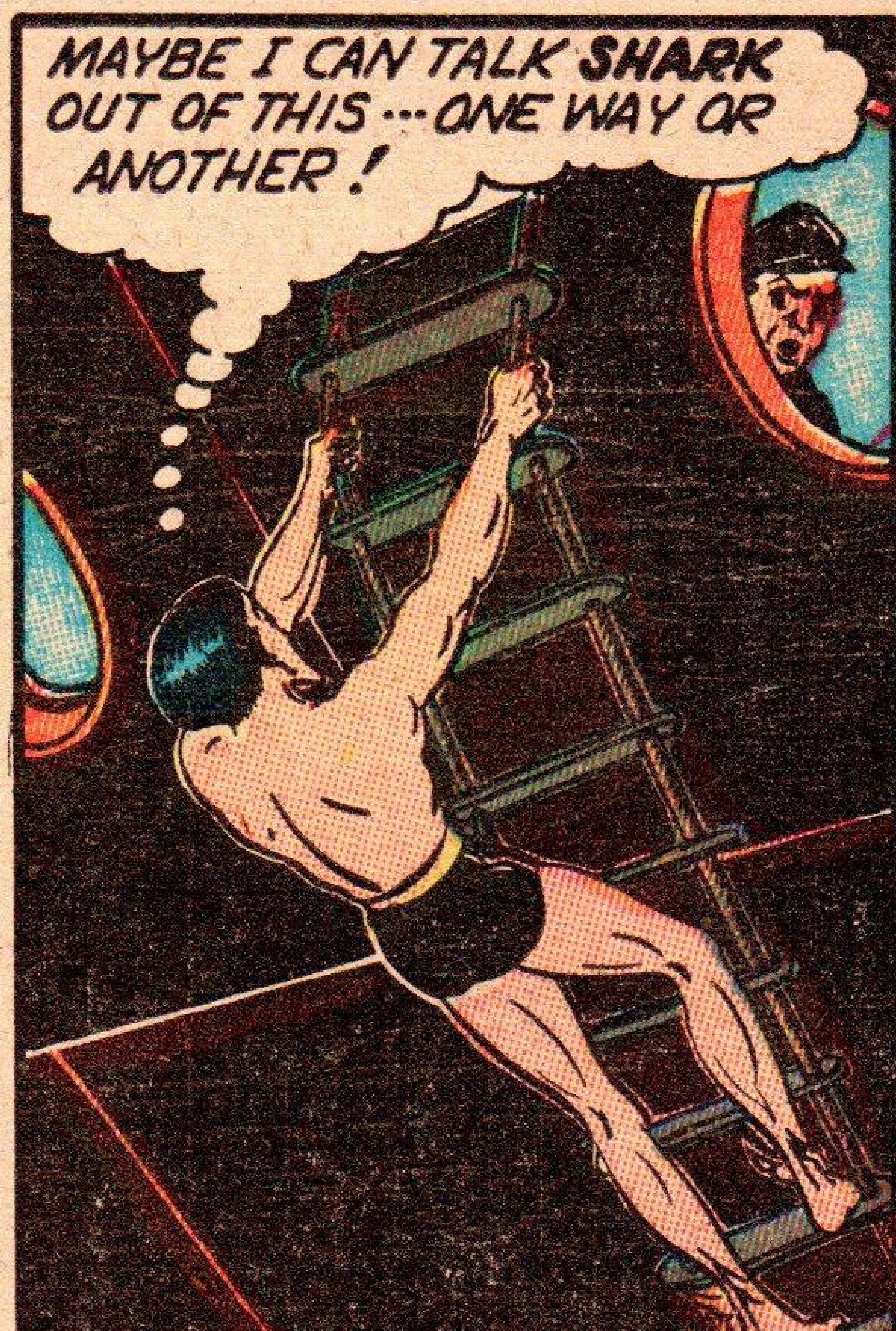
"UP" IS THE WORD! THE WHOLE SHEBANG BLEW UP! AND IF THAT WASN'T A DEPTH-BOMB, I'LL EAT A WHALE WITH A TOOTHPICK!
GALLOPIN' GARFISH! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT DOWN HERE! DIVERS DEAD – GEAR DEMOLISHED - THE "MARTA CARLA" IN SPLINTERS! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE SURFACE----
---AND JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS A FUNERAL! BUT WAIT! OUR BELLIGERENT VISITOR'S NOT VERY FAR OFF---I CAN CATCH HIM!
HARD A-STARB'D, MATE!
HARD A-STARB'D, SIR!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, NAMOR LEAPS FROM THE FLEEING SHIP'S WAKE TO ONE OF ITS OPEN PORTHOLES---
---AND, ON DECK, STOPS AS HE HEARS VOICES---
GOOD JOB, MATEYS! DAT WUZ A WELL-PLACED CHARGE---IT'LL FINISH BARROW! AN' WE CAN FINISH D' DEAL LATER T'NITE, AFTER D' COAST GUARD CLEANS UP D' MESS! HERE-HAVE A SEEGAR!

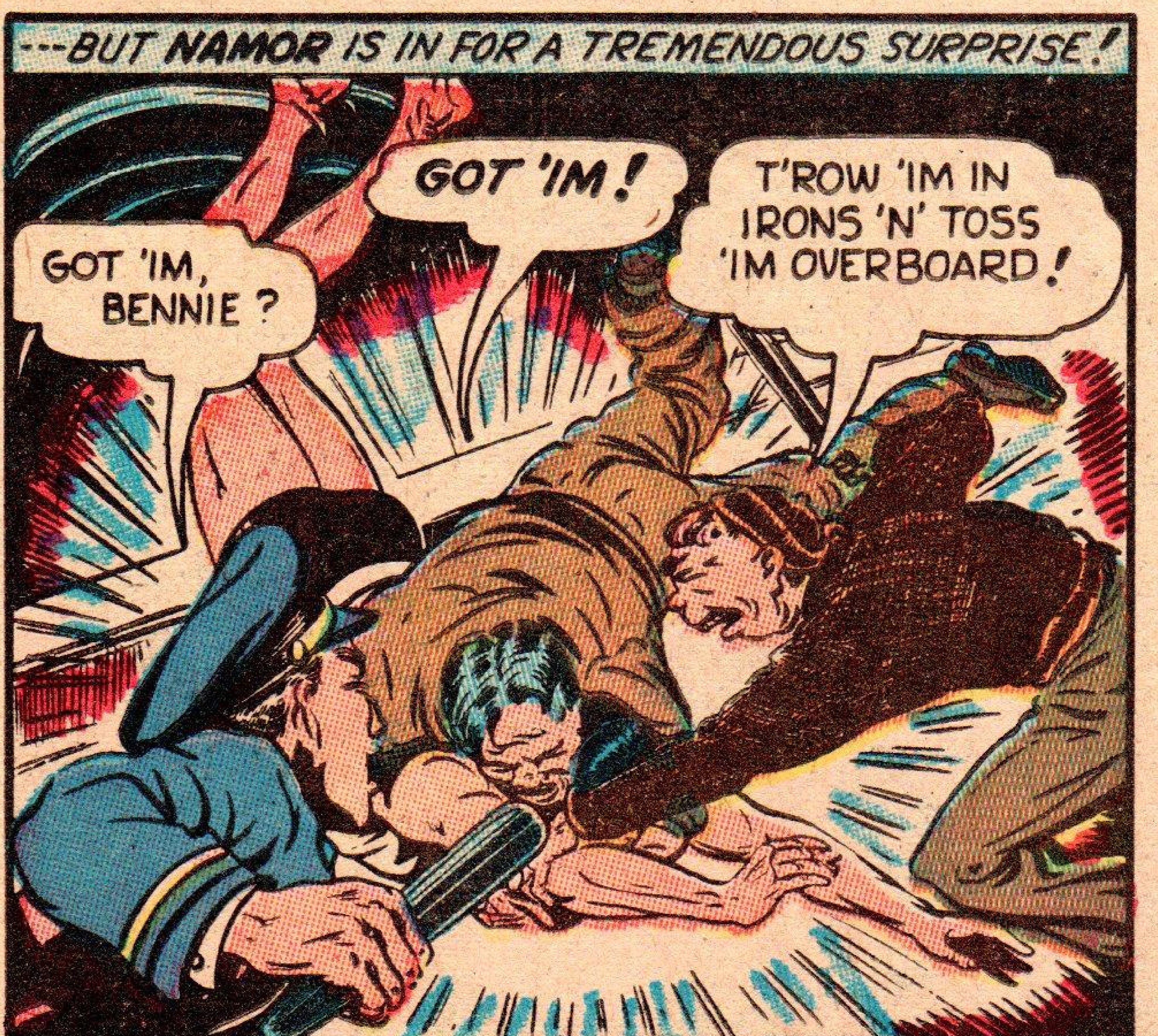
YA DONE FINE! NO ONE KNOWS WE SWIPED DEM DEPTH-BOMBS FRUM D'NAVY ---- OLE DEEP-SEA DAN'LL BE SEEIN' *DAVEY JONES*, 'N' 'IS GAL'LL NEVER KNOW WOT HIT 'IM! SHE'S 'IS HEIRESS, BUT MIKE 'N' JOE SNATCHED 'ER T'NITE, 'N' WE'LL GIT 'ER T'SIGN DE RIGHTS OVER T'US --- DAT'LL MAKE IT ALL NICE 'N' LEGAL!
"*HAMMERHEAD*" *SHARK!* I KNEW THERE'D BE A SLIPPERY HEEL AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS! BUT OLD DAN MAY NEED HELP - *IF HE'S STILL ALIVE* - AND I'D BETTER BE SEEING ABOUT IT!
---*BACK AT THE SALVAGE SITE*---
THE "DON JUAN"'S SINKING FAST, BUT THE COAST GUARD SEEMS TO HAVE THINGS UNDER CONTROL --- THINK I'LL STICK AROUND, THOUGH ---
MEANWHILE....
BETTY'S UNAWARE THAT NAMOR HAS JUST BEEN WITHIN A FEW FEET OF HER-- ---AND SHE SNEAKS A QUICK LOOK THROUGH THE SAME PORTHOLE ----
WOW!
*SOME CELEBRATION! WONDER WHAT'S UP? --- **OH-OH!***
HYAH, CHIEF! HERE'S THE *BARROW* GAL... KINDA WATER-LOGGED!
GOOD! T'ROW 'ER ON D'FLOOR, 'N' GIT SOME ***RED-HOT*** *STOKIN' IRONS* FRUM D' ENGINE-ROOM --- SHE'S GONNA SIGN SOME PAPERS — ***OR ELSE!!!***
BETTY SLIPS DOWN A COMPANIONWAY, AND CASUALLY SAUNTERS INTO THE CABIN---
NOT SO FAST, MR "*HAMMERHEAD*" SHARK! ***KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THE TABLE!***

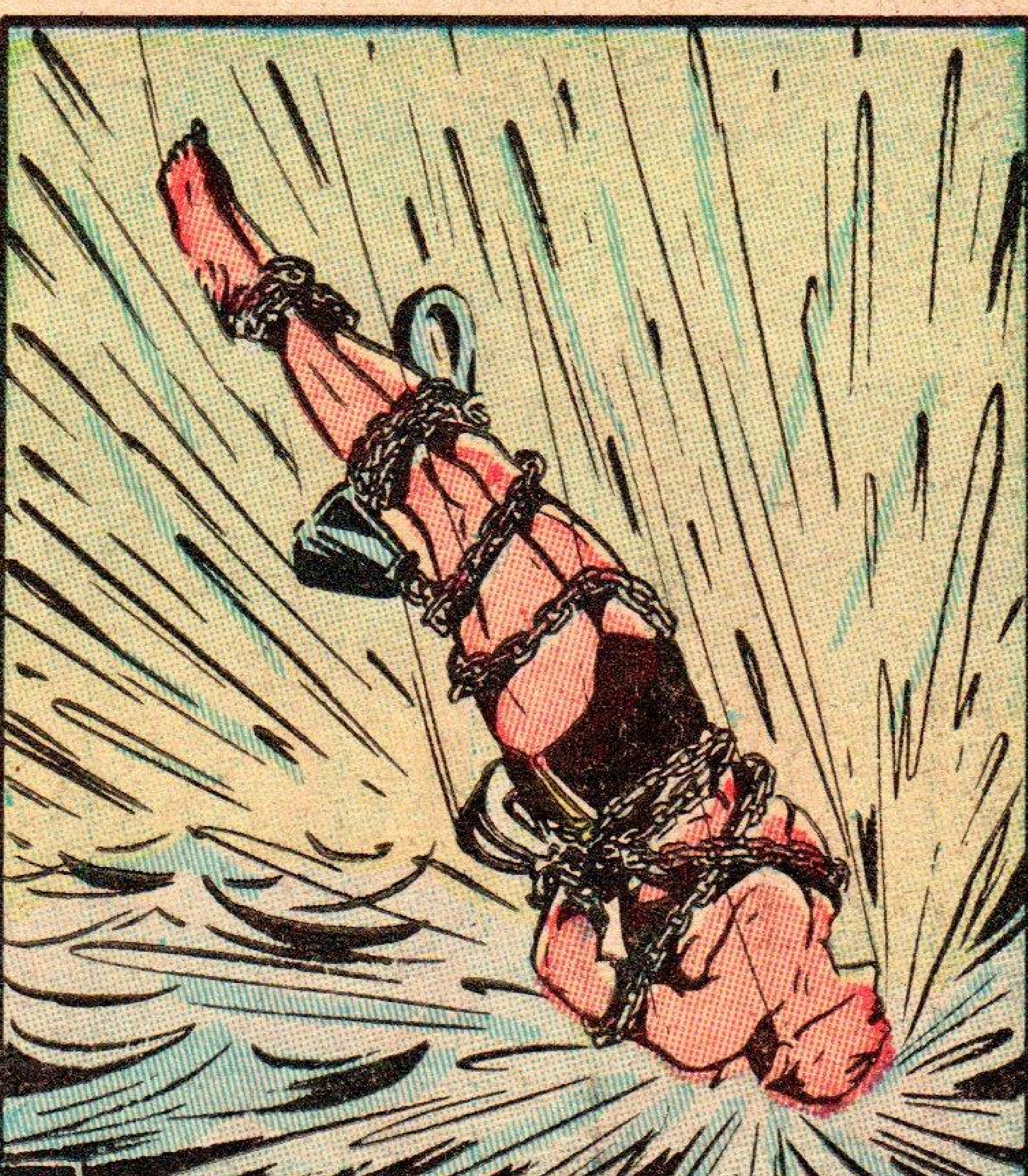



TOUGH LUCK, GOILY! TIE 'ER UP WIT' T'OTHER ONE, MIKE --- **HELLO, BRIDGE?** MISTER JOHNSON? GIT UNDER WAY! ***WE'RE STARTIN' OPERATIONS NOW !!!***


*FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, **NAMOR**'S PATIENCE IS REWARDED, AS **SHARK**'S SHIP ANCHORS AT THE NOW-DESERTED SALVAGE SITE, AND FRENZIED ACTIVITIES BEGIN -----*
__SO!__ HE DECIDED NOT TO WAIT! WELL, THEN, WHY SHOULD __I__?


*MAYBE I CAN TALK **SHARK** OUT OF THIS ... ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!*

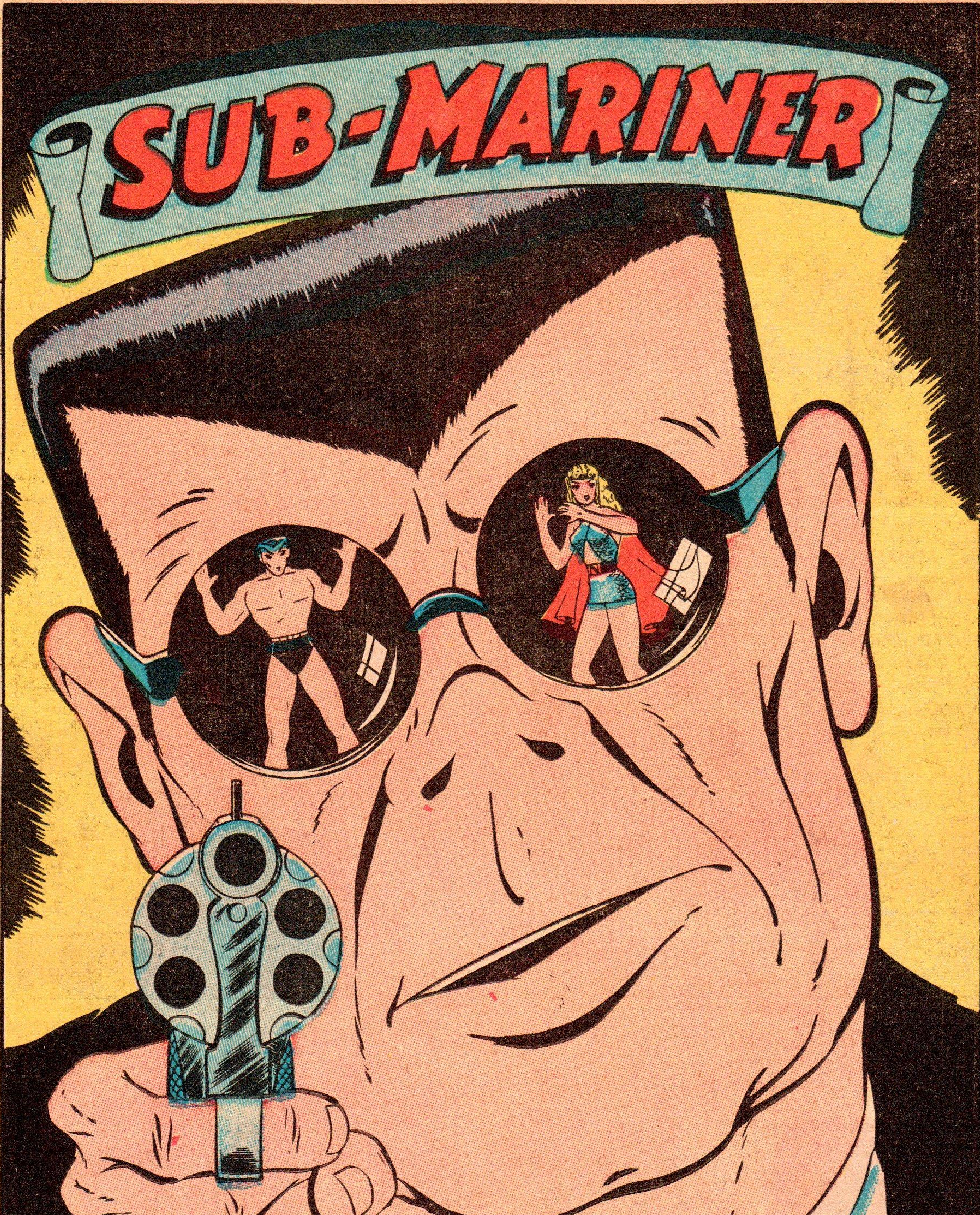

*---BUT **NAMOR** IS IN FOR A TREMENDOUS SURPRISE!*
GOT 'IM, BENNIE?
GOT 'IM!
T'ROW 'IM IN IRONS 'N' TOSS 'IM OVERBOARD!



NAMOR, PLAYING "POSSUM," WAITS UNTIL THE CHAINS CARRY HIM TO THE BOTTOM--- THEN---
FOOLS! THEY THINK THEY CAN DROWN ME ---BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THE SUB-MARINER!
SNAP!
...HOWEVER, THE MOMENT HE FREES HIMSELF, TWO DIVERS, ALERTED BY TELEPHONE FROM ABOVE, ATTACK HIM WITH ACETYLENE TORCHES!
HO! SOMETHING NEW IN THE WAY OF FLAME-THROWERS, EH?
WE GOT 'IM, CHIEF!
UNENCUMBERED BY THE HEAVY RIG OF THE DIVERS, NAMOR AGILELY DODGES AROUND THEM, AND, IN ONE MOVEMENT, SAVAGELY------
YOU WON'T LAST LONG WITHOUT YOUR AIR-HOSE, BUB!
---THEN, LEAPING TO THE LOADING PLATFORMS---
---AND FROM THERE TO THE "JACOB'S LADDER"---
"HAMMERHEAD" MAY THINK HE'S SEEN THE LAST OF ME--- --BUT---!!!
SO!!! BACK AGAIN, MISTER SUB-MARINER? WELL, BUDDY, DIS IS YER LAST TRIP, HEAR?
WATCH THAT STUFF, "JOE!"

OH BROTHER! ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A SHOT LIKE THIS!
AND NOW, MR. SHARK-PUSS---PLEASE TO TELL ME WHERE IS THE BARROW GIRL WHOM YOUR JOKERS "SNATCHED" TONIGHT? AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
GLUCK! GLUB! GIT YER HAN'S OFFA ME! I'LL TELL YIZ! D'BARROW DAME 'N' DAT GIRL O' YOURN IS IN ME CABIN---JIS' GIT YER HAN'S OFF ME T'ROAT! I'M CHOKIN' T'DEATH!
---TWO MINUTES LATER---
SO! BOTH OF YOU HERE, EH? COME WITH ME---WE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE--FAST!
---HOWEVER, IN THE NEXT CABIN---
OH-HO! SO DEY T'INK DEY'LL GIT OUTA HERE, EH? WELL---DEY WILL---WIT' A LIDDLE HELP! JIST A LIDDLE BOOSTER O' T.N.T.!!!
AN' HERE DEY COME!!!

WOW! WHAT HIT US? OH-OH! THERE'S "HAMMERHEAD"! BETTY! TAKE SHEILA BACK TO THE LAUNCH --- I'LL MEET YOU THERE IN A FEW MINUTES!
HELP!
ALL RIGHT, YOU! YOU'RE NOT DROWNED -- YET! GET ABOARD, HERE!
COME ON, SHEILA, YOU CAN MAKE IT!
--- B-B-BUT, THAT EX-EXPLOSION! THE C-C-COAST G-GUARD'LL BE HERE!
--- AND, A FEW MOMENTS LATER ----
SUB-MARINER? I'M LIEUTENANT JACQUES, OF THE U.S. COAST GUARD ---- WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?
JUST A MINUTE, LIEUTENANT – I'LL TELL YOU! MY FATHER, "DEEP-SEA DAN" ONCE TESTIFIED AGAINST "HAMMERHEAD" SHARK IN A CRIMINAL CASE --- FOR REVENGE HE KIDNAPPED ME --- WHEN THAT DIDN'T WORK, HE DECIDED TO SINK DAD'S SALVAGE SHIP AT THE SITE OF THE WRECK, AND RAISE THE "MARTA CARLA" HIMSELF! POOR DAD!
YOUR FATHER'S ALL RIGHT --- WE PICKED HIM UP.
SO –! "HAMMERHEAD" IS A CRIMINAL CRACKPOT! STILL – IF BETTY HADN'T LET THOSE MUGS GET SHEILA AWAY FROM HER, PERHAPS DAN'S SHIP WOULD STILL BE AFLOAT! BETTY, WHY ON EARTH CAN'T YOU STAY OUT OF TROUBLE?
WHY, YOU ---!
THE END



A MASTER OF CRIME DIRECTS HIS EVIL GENIUS TOWARD THE THEFT OF MERE TROPHY CUPS! WHAT CAN IT MEAN? WHAT IS THE SECRET PURPOSE OF THE MAN KNOWN AS **SPECTACLES**, THE MOST DARING VILLAIN EVER TO OPPOSE MIGHTY **SUB-MARINER** AND THE BEAUTIFUL SEA PRINCESS **NAMORA**? FOR THE STARTLING ANSWER, READ THIS THRILL-PACKED TALE OF THE...

"TROPHIES of TERROR!"

One day, a famous pair is swimming...
WHAT'S YOUR SECRET AMBITION, NAMORA?
I'D LIKE TO BE AN ORDINARY GIRL SO I COULD LEARN TO BE A GOOD SWIMMER AND WIN A TROPHY CUP AS A PRIZE!
THEN!
A MOTORBOAT RACE! COME ON, PRINCE NAMOR! LET'S JOIN IN THE FUN!
RACE A MOTORBOAT? ALL RIGHT, NAMORA!
IS HE GAINING ON US?
HE'S ONLY TRAVELING ABOUT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR! OF COURSE NOT!
WE WON EASILY!
THAT WAS FUN, EVEN IF WE WON'T GET THE PRIZE! BUT WE CAN STAY AROUND TO WATCH THE AWARDS!
AT THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY...
IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO AWARD YOU THIS SILVER TROPHY CUP FOR YOUR STERLING PERFORMANCE!
AND, NEARBY...
SHALL WE GRAB IT NOW, "SPECTACLES"?
YES! BRING ME THE TROPHY CUP! **HURRY!**
OKAY, JUDGE! WE'LL TAKE THIS!
WHAT! YOU **CAN'T** DO THIS!

I WAS ABOUT TO SAY EXACTLY THE SAME THING!
SUB-MARINER!
AND I ALWAYS BACK MY STATEMENTS WITH ACTION!
I'M INSULTED! NOBODY'S AFRAID OF POOR LITTLE *ME*!
ARE YOU KIDDING? LEMME *DOWN*!
ALL RIGHT, IF YOU REALLY INSIST!
OOOF!
NOT FAR AWAY, TWO GLARING EYES WATCH THROUGH INCREDIBLY THICK LENSES...
SO! SUB-MARINER CHOOSES TO FIGHT "SPECTACLES"! HE'LL FIND THAT I'M *MORE* THAN HIS MATCH!
I DO NOT KNOW THE MEANING OF DEFEAT! TO DARE ALL, IS TO ACHIEVE... AND "*SPECTACLES*" DARES TO DO ANYTHING!
NAMOR! HELP!
SCREECH

THAT MURDERING DEVIL! I'LL DEAL WITH HIM LATER! BUT FIRST I MUST SAVE NAMORA!
THERE SHE IS! THE CRASH KNOCKED HER OUT! IF SHE'S REALLY HURT, I'LL...
THANK NEPTUNE! SHE'S ALL RIGHT! AN ORDINARY PERSON WOULD HAVE DROWNED, BUT THE WATER HELPED TO RECUPERATE NAMORA!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED, NAMOR?
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! FIRST I WANT TO DISCOVER WHO WAS IN THAT CAR!
BUT SUB-MARINER IS TOO LATE!
HE DROVE OFF, WITH HIS TWO HENCHMEN! AND HE TOOK THE SILVER TROPHY CUP TOO!
DID YOU SEE THE MAN IN THE CAR?
YES! HE WAS A VERY UNUSUAL LOOKING MAN! HE WORE BLACK GLASSES WITH UNUSUALLY THICK LENSES!
HMMM! A MAN ANSWERING THAT DESCRIPTION SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND!
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR DISTANT...
SLOW DOWN! THERE'S NOT A CHANCE SUB-MARINER COULD HAVE FOLLOWED US!
WE SURE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE!
SLOAN'S HARDWARE
PUSH

IT WAS A LONG CHANCE FIGHTING SUB-MARINER AND NAMORA JUST TO GET A TROPHY CUP!
I ALWAYS TAKE LONG CHANCES! AND "SPECTACLES" ALWAYS GETS WHAT HE WANTS!
NEXT DAY...
I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE WANTED TO STEAL A TROPHY CUP!
THAT'S NOT HARD TO UNDERSTAND! I'D LIKE ONE MYSELF!
I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO ENTER THE SWIMMING MEET TOMORROW! I'D LIKE TO WIN JUST ONE OF THOSE PRIZES!
I'LL BE THERE TO WATCH YOU, NAMORA!
AND SO...
PRINCESS NAMORA WILL PERFORM A FEAT OF HER OWN CREATION— THE CATERPILLAR DIVE!
HURLING HERSELF IN AND OUT OF THE WATER LIKE A FLYING FISH, PRINCESS NAMORA GIVES AN AMAZING DEMONSTRATION OF HER AQUATIC SKILL!
BRAVO
DID YOU SEE THAT?
SHE'S GREAT!
THIS CUP IS A VERY FEEBLE TRIBUTE INDEED TO YOUR SUPERLATIVE TALENTS!
THANK YOU!
SWIMING MEET

SUDDENLY!
A MOST ADMIRABLE PERFORMANCE, INDEED! BUT NOW I MUST TROUBLE YOU FOR THAT CUP!
YOU!
JUST A MOMENT! TWO OF MY MEN ARE POSTED BEHIND THAT HEDGE, ARMED WITH SUB-MACHINE GUNS!
IF ANY HAND IS LAID UPON ME IN VIOLENCE, THEY WILL OPEN FIRE AND KILL EVERYONE IN SIGHT!
THEN TAKE THE CUP!
INTERN SWIM ME
"SPECTACLES" THANKS YOU.
THE NERVE OF THAT GUY, TAKING YOUR TROPHY CUP!
I DON'T MIND RISKING OUR LIVES, BUT WE'VE NO RIGHT TO RISK THE LIVES OF OTHERS!
HE'S GONE! AND HE HAD TOO MUCH OF A HEADSTART FOR US EVER TO FIND HIM!

WHY SHOULD "SPECTACLES" WASTE HIS TIME STEALING CUPS?
HE MAY HAVE SOME KIND OF OBSESSION! OUR FIRST JOB IS TO CHECK ALL THE PAWN SHOPS IN THE CITY!
AFTER A PAINSTAKING TOUR OF THE CITY'S PAWN SHOPS.
WELL, NOT A SINGLE SHOP HAS A TROPHY CUP LEFT FOR SALE! THEY'VE **ALL** BEEN **BOUGHT!**
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
PAWN SHOP
PAWN SHOP
SIMPLY THAT "SPECTACLES" IS **NOT** A CROOK WITH AN OBSESSION AFTER ALL! HE **NEEDS** THOSE TROPHY CUPS FOR SOME REASON, AND SO HE HAS TO STEAL THEM!
BUT **WHY?**
SM
TOB
SH
I KNOW THE ONLY PLACE TO FIND THE ANSWER! ENRICO LAREDO IS THE MOST FAMOUS SILVERSMITH IN THE WORLD!
SOON...
MISTER LAREDO HAS NOT BEEN HOME IN SEVERAL DAYS!
WHERE DID HE GO?
I DON'T KNOW! SEVERAL DAYS AGO THREE MEN CALLED, AND MISTER LAREDO LEFT WITH THEM! ONE OF THE MEN WORE THE MOST PECULIAR SPECTACES!
"SPECTACLES"!
NO MATTER WHERE WE TURN, "SPECTACLES" SEEMS TO BE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF US!
NOW HE'S KIDNAPED LAREDO, THE SILVERSMITH! WHATEVER HE INTENDS DOING, HE'LL **HAVE** TO SHOW HIS HAND SOON! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO **WATCH** AND **WAIT!**

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, A SMALL ITEM APPEARS IN THE CITY PAPERS...
39 DAILY BUGLE
FAMOUS COIN COLLECTION TO BE SOLD
A CASE OF SILVER DOLLARS, REPUTED TO BE WORTH A FORTUNE, WAS UNCOVERED LAST YEAR NEAR CANNES IT GOES ON SALE TODAY...
...IN THE ROLAND GALLERIES! THIS MAY BE THE BREAK WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
MEANWHILE, AT THE ROLAND GALLERIES...
I HATE TO DO THIS, SIR! ALLOWING A PRIVATE EXAMINATION OF THIS TREASURE BEFORE IT GOES ON SALE TO THE PUBLIC!
I APPRECIATE THE OPPORTUNITY!
I'M CONVINCED THESE COINS ARE AUTHENTIC! I'LL BUY THEM NOW BEFORE THEY GO ON PUBLIC SALE! I'LL PAY FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
NO, YOU WON'T!
TRYING TO SELL COUNTERFEIT COINS, EH, "SPECTACLES"?
SUB-MARINER!
BAH! MUST YOU ALWAYS PLAGUE ME?
THIS IS ONLY A TEMPORARY SETBACK! "SPECTACLES" WILL RETURN!
COME BACK HERE!

THERE'S THE BOSS NOW! SOMETHIN' MUSTA GONE WRONG!
WHAT HAPPENED, "SPECTACLES"?
ANOTHER JOUST WITH SUB-MARINER! BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR TALK NOW! GET THIS CAR MOVING!
MINUTES LATER...
HE'S NOWHERE IN SIGHT! YOU KNOW, THAT FELLOW IS BEGINNING TO GET UNDER MY SKIN!
HE'S MAKING US LOOK LIKE A PAIR OF FOOLS!
WELL, ANYWAY, WE PREVENTED YOU FROM BUYING A CASE OF COUNTERFEIT COINS!
YOU'RE MISTAKEN, SUB-MARINER! THESE COINS ARE OF GENUINE SILVER!
TO BE EXACT, THEY'RE MADE OF BRITTANIA METAL, THE SAME MATERIAL USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT IN MINTING SILVER COINS...
BRITTANIA METAL! THAT'S ALSO THE MATERIAL USED IN MAKING TROPHY CUPS!
NO WONDER "SPECTACLES" BOUGHT ALL THE SILVER CUPS IN THE CITY AND THEN STARTED STEALING THEM TO GET MORE! HE MELTED THEM TO MINT COINS! BUT WHY? IT WOULD COST AS MUCH TO MAKE THE COINS AS THEY'RE WORTH...
NOT THESE COINS, SUB-MARINER!
THEY'RE SUPPOSEDLY MINTED IN 1804! IN THAT YEAR PRESIDENT JEFFERSON NEEDED NEARLY ALL THE COINS MINTED TO PAY FOR THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE! THE REMAINING COINS ARE RARE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS, WORTH MANY TIMES THEIR FACE VALUE!
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
1 DOLLAR
1804

BUT IF THESE COINS ARE COUNTERFEIT, THEY'VE BEEN MADE BY AN EXPERT!
BY NEPTUNE! *ENRICO LAREDO! THAT'S WHY* "SPECTACLES" KIDNAPED HIM!
LOOK, NAMORA! THIS COIN—THERE'S A MESSAGE IN FINE, ALMOST INVISIBLE WRITING!
LAREDO MINTED THE CLUE WE NEEDED INTO THE COINS THEMSELVES!
IT SAYS—"HELP-14 TWILL STREET"!
HELP 14 TWILL ST.
LATER, AT 14 TWILL STREET...
YOU!
YOU TAKE THE BIG FISH, NAMOR! I'LL GET THE SMALL FRY!
YOU WON'T NEED "SPECTACLES" TO SEE STARS NOW!
WE DECIPHERED YOUR MESSAGE, LAREDO! IT WAS A CLEVER RUSE! NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU THE WORLD'S GREATEST SILVERSMITH!
I HARDLY DARED TO HOPE I'D EVER BE SET FREE!
LATER...
"SPECTACLES" WAS A WORTHY OPPONENT! BUT IN THE END WE CAUGHT HIM! SO I GUESS *EVERYBODY'S SATISFIED.*
NOT ME! I *STILL* HAVEN'T GOT MY TROPHY CUP!
THE END

MARKED MONEY!

MICKY Martin never knew what hit him. One instant he was hurrying along the dark alley toward Hellman Street to open his shoe shine stand for the evening; the next there were a million stars shooting around inside his head. Then everything went black.

It was several minutes before he opened his eyes. He groaned loudly. Tenderly he rubbed the aching knob on the back of his head. His hand came away sticky. Rolling over he sat up and looked at his hand in the dim light. There was blood on it.

Pushing himself to his feet, he leaned against the wall trying to think. There could only be one reason for his being slugged. His hand went to his pocket. It was empty. His wallet and the few odd dollars in loose change he needed for his business were gone.

He groaned again. This time not from pain but at losing his wallet. As for the money, he didn't care too much about that. It was the wallet itself with its good luck pieces and personal odds and ends that he hated losing. They were of value to no one but himself.

He staggered a bit as he emerged from the alley and looked up and down "the street". The evening was still young and few people out.

As he stood there he heard his name called. "Lefty Lou" hurried from across the street, his shine box slung from his shoulder, and grabbed him by the arm.

"What's up, Mick? You hurt?"

"Yeah. A little. Someone slugged me. Took all my dough."

Lou spread Micky's red hair and inspected the bump.

"You're lucky you have a hard head. The skin's broken a little but it's stopped bleeding. Did you get a look at the guy?"

"No. He was hiding in a doorway. He sure socked me!"

They walked slowly down the street until they came to Micky's one seat stand. Mickey removed the "Out to Eat" sign from the leather seat and settled into it.

"What're you going to do, Mick . . . tell Officer Tracy?"

"What can I tell him except that I was slugged? The law can't help me until I have evidence. The way I figure it, the guy who socked me must have been a stranger on 'the street'. The only time such things happen around here is when some strange guy comes around."

"Do you want me to tell the gang to be on the lookout?"

"That might help. I don't know what they're going to look for though. Just tell them to keep their eyes open."

"OK, Mick. See you later."

Lou slung his shine box over his shoulder and took off. In the course of the next hour he had traveled up and down both sides of "the street." Wherever he found one of his many shoe shine friends, he stopped and spoke a few words.

Back at his stand Micky set up for business. He lined his bottles, cans and brushes up neatly and draped his shining cloths through the foot bracket. As he worked he glanced at a newspaper photograph of an elderly grey-haired man which he had stuck on the leg of the chair. The photo caption read, Judge James Lane.

It was because of Judge Lane that Micky was in the shoe shine business instead of in prison; this he knew deep in his heart. Every time he looked at the photo his mind went back three years to when he was fifteen.

He had just moved to the neighborhood of Hellman Street, the toughest district in the city, and in no time was mixed up with the local gang in all their fights and petty thievery.

Then came the day when the gang outgrew small time thefts and decided to steal a car and sell it. He had backed out on the deal. The gang was sore.

Three of the fellows picked up a car from in front of Hotel Reese and headed for the other side of the river where hot cars could be gotten rid of. The police were on their tail before they had gotten far and in trying to get away they ran into a truck. Two of the fellows got away and the one that was caught squealed on the others and then, for spite, named Micky as an accomplice. He had been arrested along with the others.

Judge Lane had talked to him personally in his chambers. The Judge had believed his story.

"Micky," he had said, "you show a good streak in you and I think it would be wrong to lock you up with hardened criminals. I want you to report to me once a week for the next year. Get yourself some work and stay out of trouble."

The next day he had made himself a shoe shine box and had gone to the court house. Judge Lane was his first customer. The judge had insisted he take a dollar for good luck. He had taken it with the condition that the Judge autograph it for him, which the Judge did. He wrote, "Best of Luck to my friend Mickey. Judge James Lane."

Until tonight he had always carried the bill with him for luck. He thought of this as he worked. The bill *had* been good luck. for before his probation period was over he had managed to buy this permanent stand.

. . It was about eleven o'clock when "Lefty Lou" and Gus Fox came rushing up. their shine boxes swinging wildly from their shoulders.

"Look. Micky. This yours?" Gus thrust a bill into his hand. Mickey felt a thrill run through him.

"Yeah. It's mine. Where did you get it?"

"I just changed it for a tough looking lug down the street. He's headed this way now."

"Gus, you go find Officer Tracy. He just went by a few minutes ago. Lou, when that guy gets here, start arguing with me and give me a shove at him. I'll do the rest."

Gus scurried down the street, nearly bumping into a scarfaced, broad shouldered individual whom "Lefty" indicated to be the one they wanted. Mickey gave Lou the nod.

"What ya mean, cutting in on your business? You a wise guy or something?" Lou yelled, and gave Micky a push.

As Micky went backward, he bumped against the scarfaced stranger and scraped his foot across his toe. Scarface started cursing. Micky apologized profusely.

"Gee, Mister. I'm sorry. Sit right down here and I'll give you a good shine free."

Micky grabbed the angry fellow by the arm and tugged him to the chair. Scarface laughed.

"OK, kid. Let's see you fix them up."

He sat there, his feet propped on the foot brackets, and watched Micky work. Slowly a startled look of recognition crossed his face. He started to rise.

"Just a minute, Mister, and I'll be finished." Micky grunted as he whisked a brush across the toe, all the while glancing out of the corner of his eye to see if Officer Tracy was in sight. He wasn't. Scarface was getting angry and he knew he couldn't hold him there much longer.

"Hurry up, kid. I've got something to do."

"Like slug someone in an alley!" Micky looked up and stared Scarface in the eyes. "Like you slugged *me!*"

"I *thought* it was you. Here's another poke to remember me by." He reached out with an upraised hand. but Micky moved backwards. Scarface thrust himself out of the seat and stepped toward the sidewalk . . . and fell flat on his face! Micky had tied his shoelaces to the stand brackets!

Micky and "Lefty Lou" leaped on the fallen crook, Micky's hands swiftly searching him. First he drew out a blackjack with which he lightly tapped the squirming Scarface; then he found his wallet. Officer Tracy broke through the gathering crowd with Gus on his heels. Micky explained.

"This guy slugged me tonight and took my wallet. Later on he gave this bill to Gus to change after he had had his shoes shined." Micky showed Officer Tracy the dollar bill.

Next to the picture of George Washington was the autograph of Judge James Lane.

Officer Tracy laughed as he snapped the handcuffs on Scarface.

"Tomorrow this guy will get to know the Judge personally!"

THE END

THE HUMAN TORCH
"REPTILE'S REVENGE!"
TORCH AND TORO RETURN HOME FROM ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL CASE...
THIS CASE REMINDS ME OF THAT JOB BACK IN LOUISIANA FOUR YEARS AGO...
REMEMBER? THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE WAS IN TERROR OF THE REPTILE WHO CAME OUT OF THE SWAMP!
YEH!

"It ALL STARTED WHEN..."
IF I EVER CATCH YOU MOLESTING MY FIANCÉE, CHLOE, AGAIN, **I'LL KILL YOU!**
NOW GET OUT AND NEVER ENTER MY SIGHT AGAIN!
SO I'M NOT FIT TO BE WITH HER, EH? IF I CAN'T HAVE HER, NEITHER WILL ANYONE ELSE! **ESPECIALLY HIM!**
WEBSTER, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HURT HIM! HE MEANT NO HARM!
NONSENSE, CHLOE, DEAR! HE HAD TO BE SHOWN HIS PLACE!
"GUS' DEJECTED FIGURE VANISHED INTO THE IMPENETRABLE BAYOU..."
"THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN ON THE DAY OF THE WEDDING, SOON AFTER THE CEREMONY!"

"ONE OF THE WEDDING GUESTS WAS ADMIRING A CHOICE FLOWER BUSH, WHEN..."
MMM...
HELP!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO COLONEL JACKSON!
THERE GOES THE CULPRIT!
THAT BEAST TRIED TO STRANGLE ME! HE SAID THIS WILL HAPPEN TO EVERYBODY WHO STAYS ON THIS PLANTATION!
HERE! TAKE THIS!
"WHEN WEBSTER APPEARED ON THE SCENE..."
WEBSTER, DID YOU SEE THIS— THIS THING?
NO, MY DARLING!
IT MUST HAVE GOTTEN CLEAN AWAY!
"BUT, IN THE HOURS THAT FOLLOWED, THE REPTILE SPREAD TERROR AND DEATH ON THE OLD PLANTATION! THEN..."
WHY ARE YOU FLAMING ON, TORCH?
CHLOE'S TELEGRAM SAYS THERE'S DANGEROUS GOINGS-ON AT HER PLANTATION! LET'S GO!

"We lost no time getting to the plantation!"
LOOKS LIKE A HIGH CLASS JOINT FROM HERE!
THANK HEAVEN YOU GOT HERE SO SOON! LOOK!
DEATH TO ALL WHO REMAIN HERE! The Reptile
WHO IS THIS REPTILE?
I'M SURE IT'S GUS! A VERY DISAPPOINTED SUITOR! HE'S INSANELY JEALOUS!
LET'S INVESTIGATE THE SWAMP!
CHECK, TORCH!
LET ME GO! I'LL HELP!
NO, WEBSTER! NO!
"a few moments later.."
FLYING THIS WAY GIVES US THE ADVANTAGE!
LOOK, TORCH! DOWN THERE! FOOTPRINTS!

THIS CRUDE LEAN-TO MUST BE HIS HANGOUT!
LET'S BE QUIET! HE MAY BE AROUND!
IT CAN'T BE HUMAN AND LIVE OUT HERE!
SHHH! TURN OFF YOUR FLAME!
HERE COMES SOMEONE! LAY LOW UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD!
"Our VIGILANCE WAS SOON REWARDED!"
NOW!
HAVE A MUD PACK, FREE! PEOPLE PAY GOOD MONEY FOR THIS!
SPLAT!

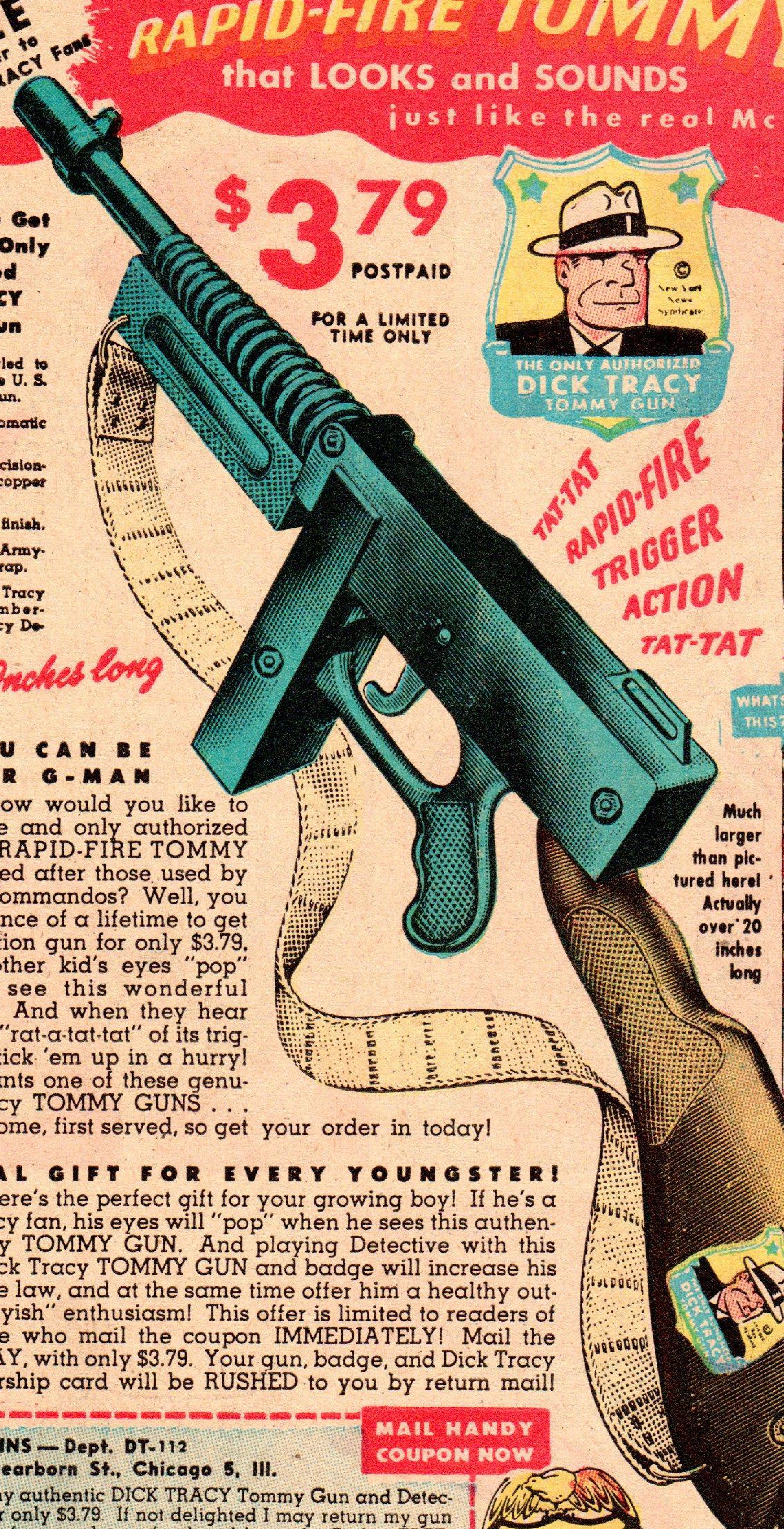
QUICKSAND! AND THE MUD HAS PUT OUT OUR FLAMES!
HA! HA! HA!
HO! HO! HO! ONLY I KNOW THE WAY OUT OF THIS SWAMP! WITHOUT THEIR FLAME THEY WILL PERISH IN THE QUICKSAND! HO! HO! NOW FOR SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!
WE'RE SINKING FAST, TORCH! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
IT'S A CINCH WE CAN'T WRITE TO OUR CONGRESSMAN!
SUDDENLY...
HERE! GRAB THIS-QUICKLY!
BOY! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU- WHOEVER YOU ARE!
Meanwhile...
I HOPE NOTHING HAS HAPPENED TO WEBSTER! HE'S SO HEADSTRONG!
IT IS YOU, MORE THAN THE OTHERS, WHO DESERVES TO DIE! PREPARE TO MEET YOUR MAKER!
EEEEEK!
6

"But, then..."
WHA..?
YOUR SWAMP WASN'T DEEP ENOUGH!
I DON'T NEED MY FLAME FOR THIS!
LOOK, TORCH! YOU KNOCKED HIS MASK OFF!
WHAM!
WELL, WHAT D'YA KNOW! IT'S CHLOE'S HUSBAND!
JUST AS I SUSPECTED! WEBSTER WAS INTERESTED ONLY IN GETTING CHLOE'S RICH ESTATE FOR HIMSELF! MARRYING YOU, CHLOE, AND THEN GETTING RID OF YOU WAS HIS PLAN! HIS REIGN OF TERROR AS A REPTILE WAS DESIGNED TO DIVERT SUSPICION FROM HIMSELF UNTIL THE TIME WAS RIPE FOR THE BIG JOB!
GUS SUSPECTED HIM– AND WAITED FOR HIS CHANCE TO PROVE IT! HE CERTAINLY SAVED ALL OUR LIVES!
OH, GUS! I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL!
"After DISPOSING OF WEBSTER, WE SAID GOOD-BYE TO THE TWO LOVEBIRDS, WHO, OF COURSE, LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!"
Y'KNOW, TORCH, EVER SINCE THEN I'VE BEEN ALLERGIC TO REPTILES! (YAWN!)
HA! GO TO BED, SMALL FRY!
THE END

Here's News About a Sensational **FREE*** Offer to DICK TRACY Fans

GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

that LOOKS and SOUNDS just like the real McCoy!



THE ONLY AUTHORIZED
DICK TRACY
TOMMY GUN
© New York News Syndicate
TAT-TAT
RAPID-FIRE
TRIGGER
ACTION
TAT-TAT

$3.79 POSTPAID

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

Much larger than pictured here! Actually over 20 inches long

Be Sure You Get the One and Only Authorized DICK TRACY Tommy Gun

- ★ Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun.
- ★ Regulated automatic repeater action.
- ★ All-metal, precision-cast, hardened copper alloy.
- ★ Real gun-metal finish.
- ★ Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap.
- ★ Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

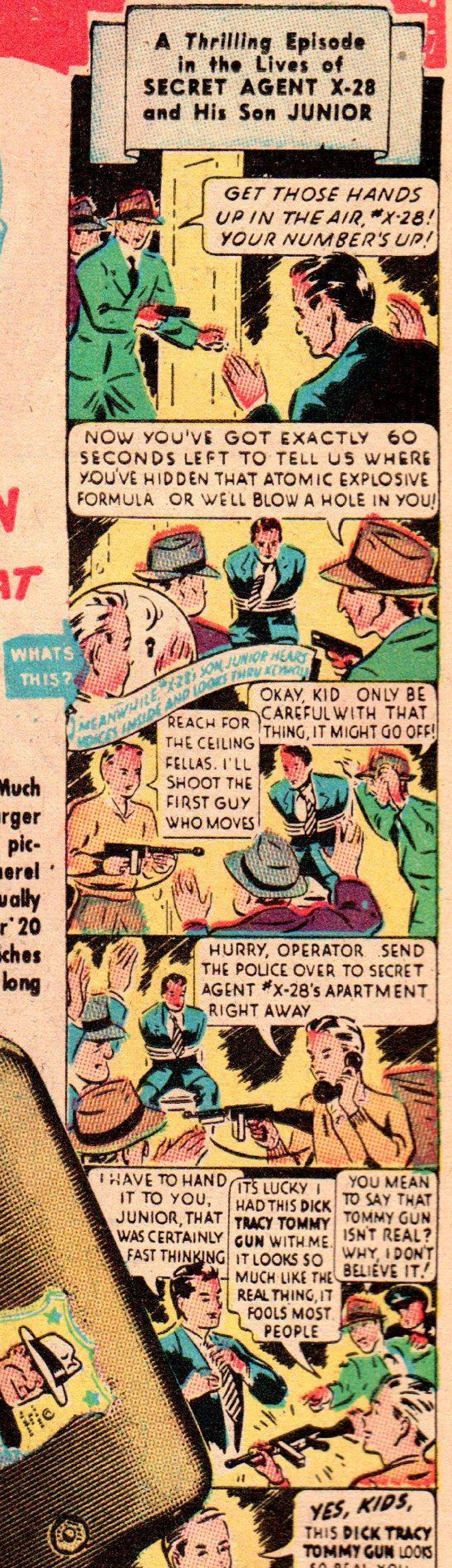
Over 20 Inches long

NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only $3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS . . . but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!

PARENTS: Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of this magazine who mail the coupon IMMEDIATELY! Mail the coupon TODAY, with only $3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be RUSHED to you by return mail!



A Thrilling Episode in the Lives of SECRET AGENT X-28 and His Son JUNIOR
GET THOSE HANDS UP IN THE AIR, #X-28! YOUR NUMBER'S UP!
NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60 SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE FORMULA OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!
WHATS THIS?
MEANWHILE #X-28's SON JUNIOR HEARS VOICES INSIDE AND LOOKS THRU KEYHOLE
REACH FOR THE CEILING FELLAS. I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST GUY WHO MOVES
OKAY, KID ONLY BE CAREFUL WITH THAT THING, IT MIGHT GO OFF!
HURRY, OPERATOR SEND THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET AGENT #X-28's APARTMENT RIGHT AWAY
I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, JUNIOR, THAT WAS CERTAINLY FAST THINKING
ITS LUCKY I HAD THIS DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN WITH ME. IT LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE THE REAL THING, IT FOOLS MOST PEOPLE
YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT TOMMY GUN ISN'T REAL? WHY, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YES, KIDS, THIS DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN LOOKS SO REAL YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT EITHER AND IMAGINE... YOU CAN GET ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT FOR ONLY $3.79 IF YOU Mail the Coupon Now!

MAIL HANDY COUPON NOW

PARKER JOHNS — Dept. DT-112
608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only $3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing $3.79. Please ship postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman $3.79 plus postage.

Prices in Canada add 50c No C.O.D.'s.

Name____________________________________

Address__________________________________

City_______________ Zone____ State__________

DICK TRACY
DETECTIVE CLUB

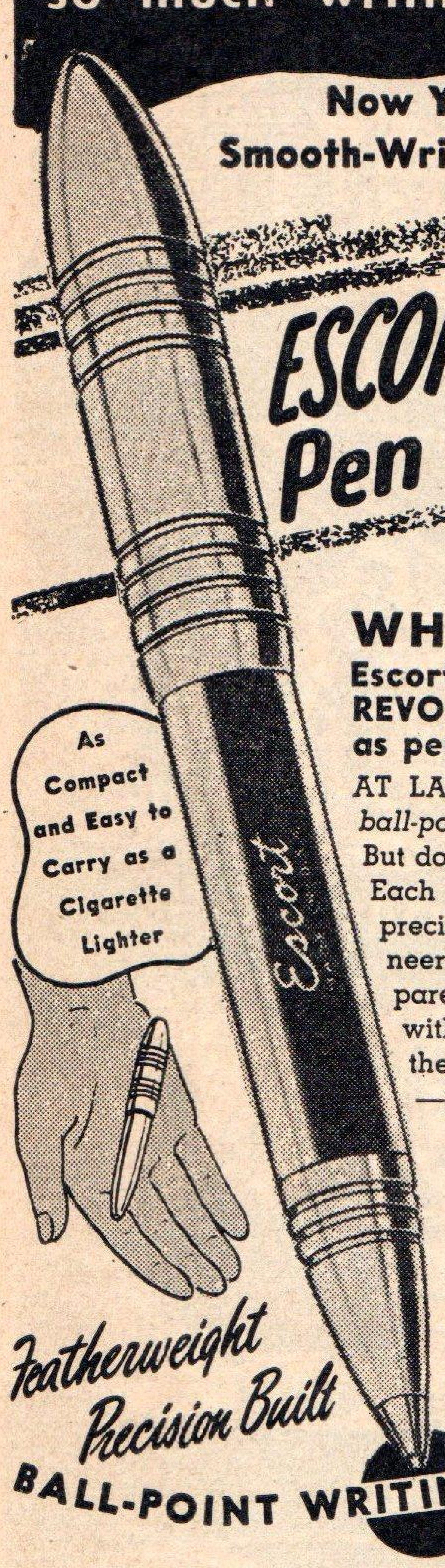
Free!

THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP . . .

. . . even if you are not delighted with your DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not completely satisfied you may return your TOMMY GUN for a complete refund and keep this wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detective Badge FREE!

Never Before has $1.95 bought so much writing satisfaction!

Now You Can Enjoy the Smooth-Writing Convenience of an



As Compact and Easy to Carry as a Cigarette Lighter
Escort
Featherweight Precision Built

ESCORT BALL POINT Pen for Only $1.95

POSTPAID TAX FREE

WHY PAY MORE?

Escort uses the same REVOLUTIONARY principle as pens costing up to $15

AT LAST! You can own a top-quality *ball-point* pen at a rock-bottom price. But don't let Escort's low price fool you. Each feather-weight Escort Pen is a precision-built, scientifically engineered writing instrument that compares in beauty and serviceability with pens costing $10 and $15. Mail the coupon today! Send no money—pay postman $1.95 plus postage.

5-DAY TRIAL

Use your Escort Pen for 5 days. If you don't feel that it compares both in beauty and performance with pens costing many times its price, you may return it and we'll cheerfully refund every penny you paid . . . and that's a promise!

BALL-POINT WRITING PERFECTION

Compare these features with $15 ball-point pens:

★ Writes From 3 Months to 3 Years Without Refilling
★ Ink Cartridge May Be Replaced in a Jiffy
★ Precision-ground Ball Rolls the Ink on Dry
★ Handy vest-pocket or purse size (only 4 in. long)
★ Feather-Light (actually weighs less than 1 ounce)
★ Writes Under Water or High in the Sky
★ Lustrous Aluminum Alloy for a Lifetime of Beauty
★ Comes in a Choice of 6 Rich Colors:

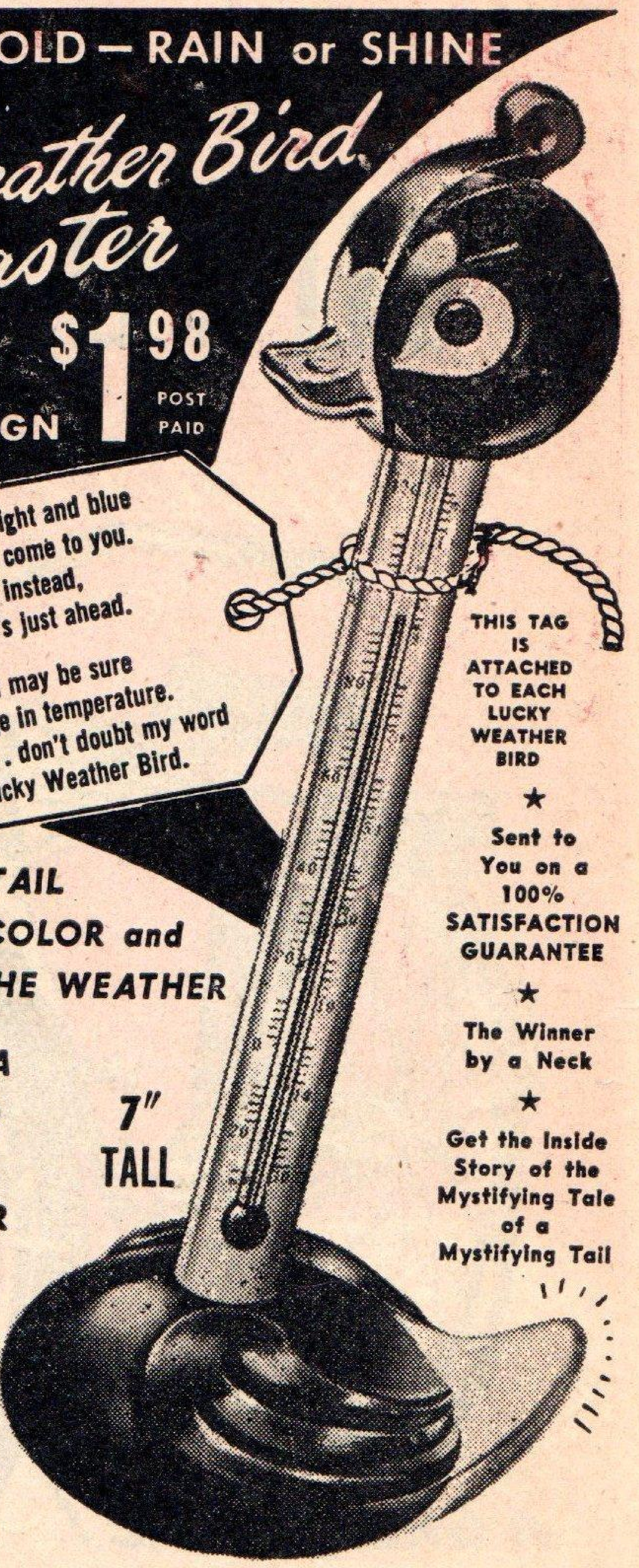
SILVER BLACK GREEN BLUE MAROON GOLD

Now! You, too, can say *"A Little Bird Told Me!"*.

HOT or COLD—RAIN or SHINE

Lucky Weather Bird Forecaster

WILL GIVE YOU THE SIGN $1.98 POST PAID



When my tail is bright and blue
Sunny days will come to you.
If it turns to pink instead,
Rainy weather's just ahead.
By my neck you may be sure
Of the change in temperature.
Cold or hot . . . don't doubt my word
I'm your Lucky Weather Bird.

THIS TAG IS ATTACHED TO EACH LUCKY WEATHER BIRD

★

Sent to You on a 100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEE

★

The Winner by a Neck

★

Get the Inside Story of the Mystifying Tale of a Mystifying Tail

HIS TAIL CHANGES COLOR and FORECASTS THE WEATHER

HIS NECK IS A TRIPLE-TESTED SCIENTIFIC THERMOMETER

7" TALL

THE MOST AMAZING WEATHER FORECASTER YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

Yes, it's amazing in its accuracy, and mystifying in its simplicity—but that's not all! Your LUCKY WEATHER BIRD is a precision-built scientific instrument that compares favorably with forecasters selling for $5 or more. And no other forecaster at any price can compare with it for fun, for beauty or for downright cuteness. Its colorful gaiety lends cheer and brightness to any room you place it in. Whatever the weather outside, it's always fair weather inside if you have a LUCKY WEATHER BIRD. The moment your friends see this weather forecasting sensation, they'll want one, too. So why not play it safe and order several. Use handy coupon, and ACT TODAY! Do it NOW!

SEND NO MONEY

MAIL COUPON NOW

BRIAR STRATFORD, Dept. Z-76 118 S. Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Ill.
Please rush me the following items listed below. If not satisfied I may return in 5 days for a complete refund.

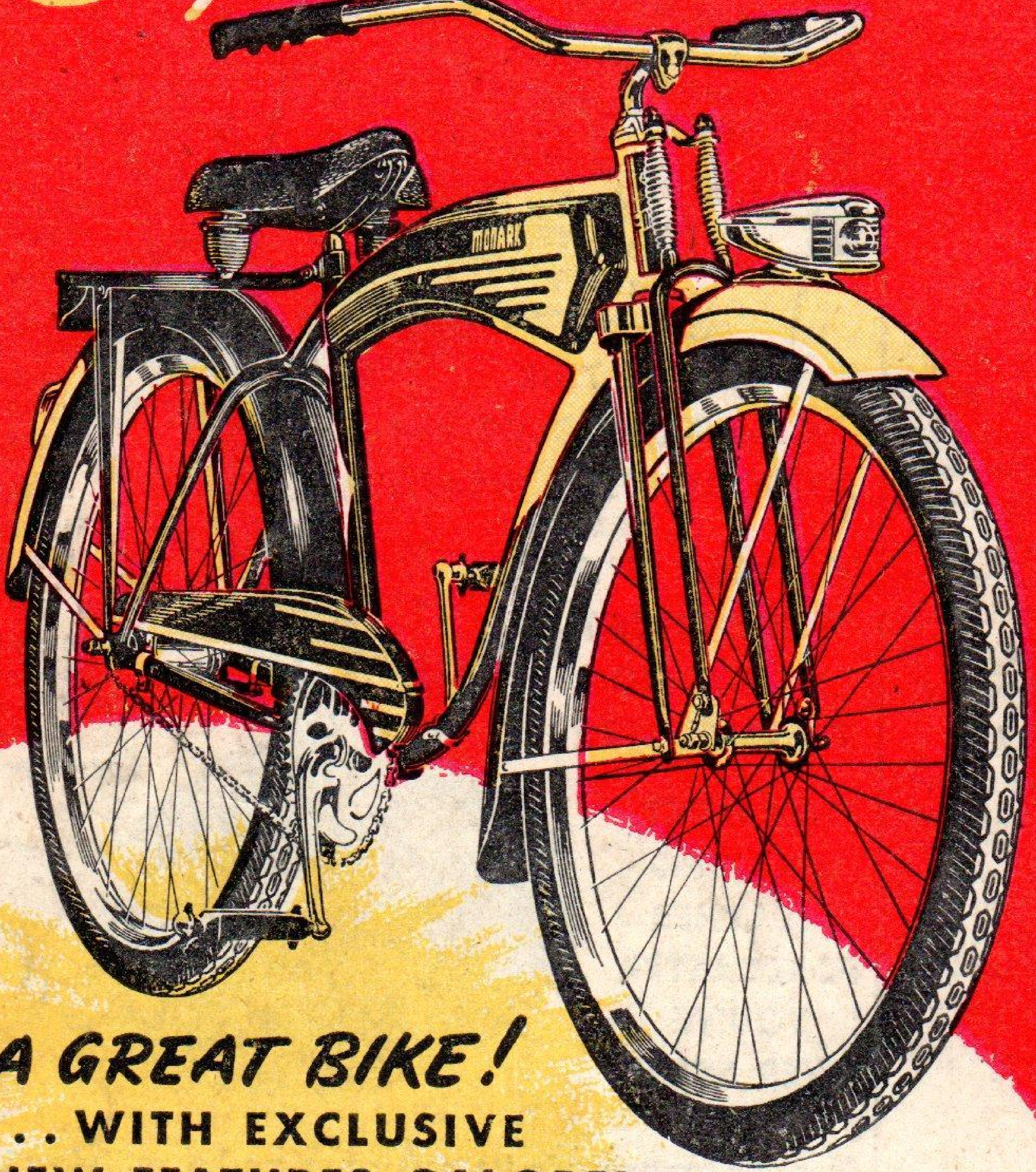
CHECK ITEMS WANTED:

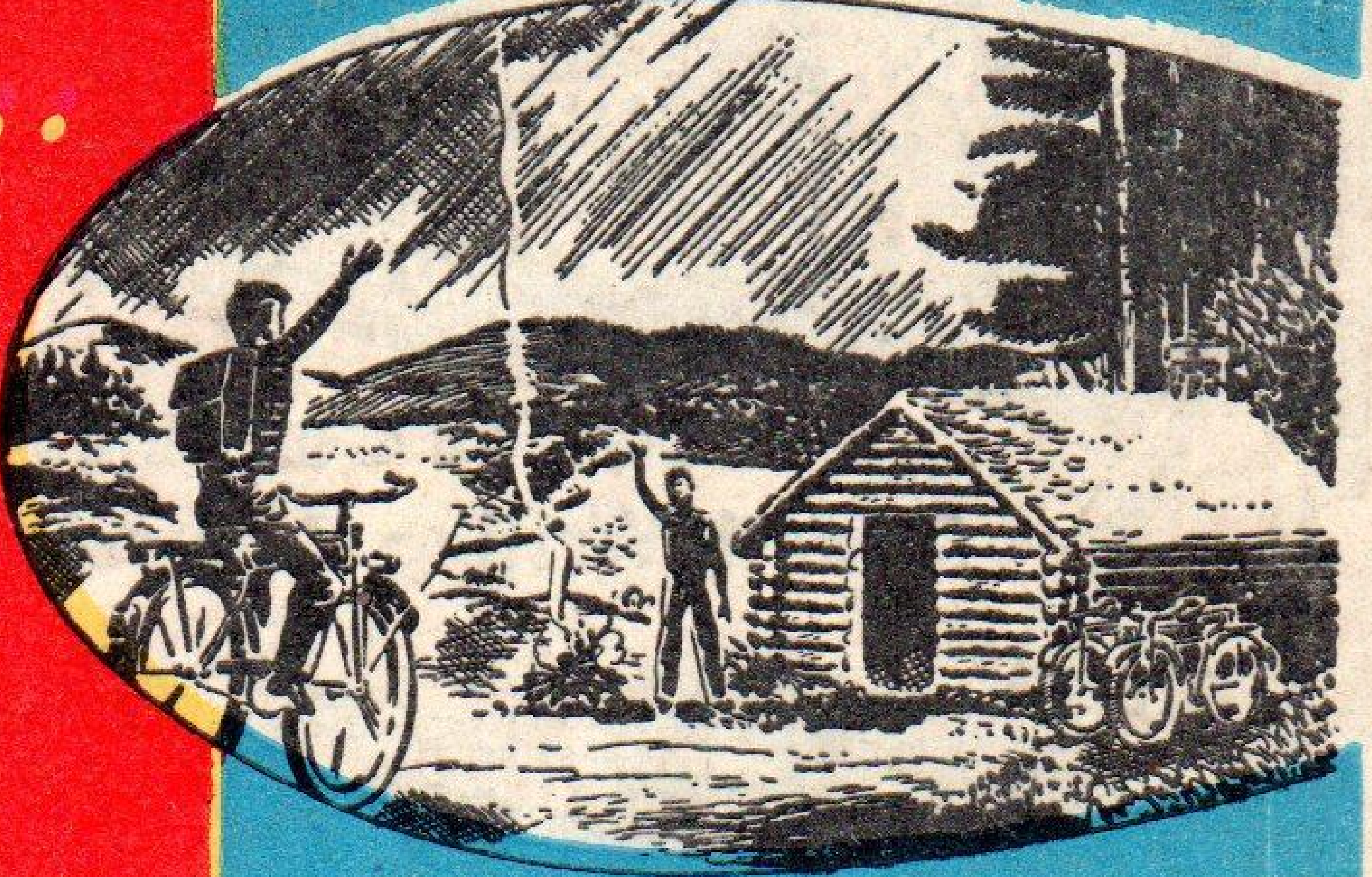
___ESCORT Ball Point Pens..........@ $1.95 ea.
CHOICE OF COLORS—
Give First and Second Choice:
___Silver ___Black ___Green
___Blue ___Maroon ___Gold
___Extra Ink Cartridges..............@ .25 ea.
___Red ___Green ___Blue
___Lucky Weather Bird..............@ 1.98 ea.
Total Amt. of Order $___________
Price in Canada add 50c No C.O.D.'s.

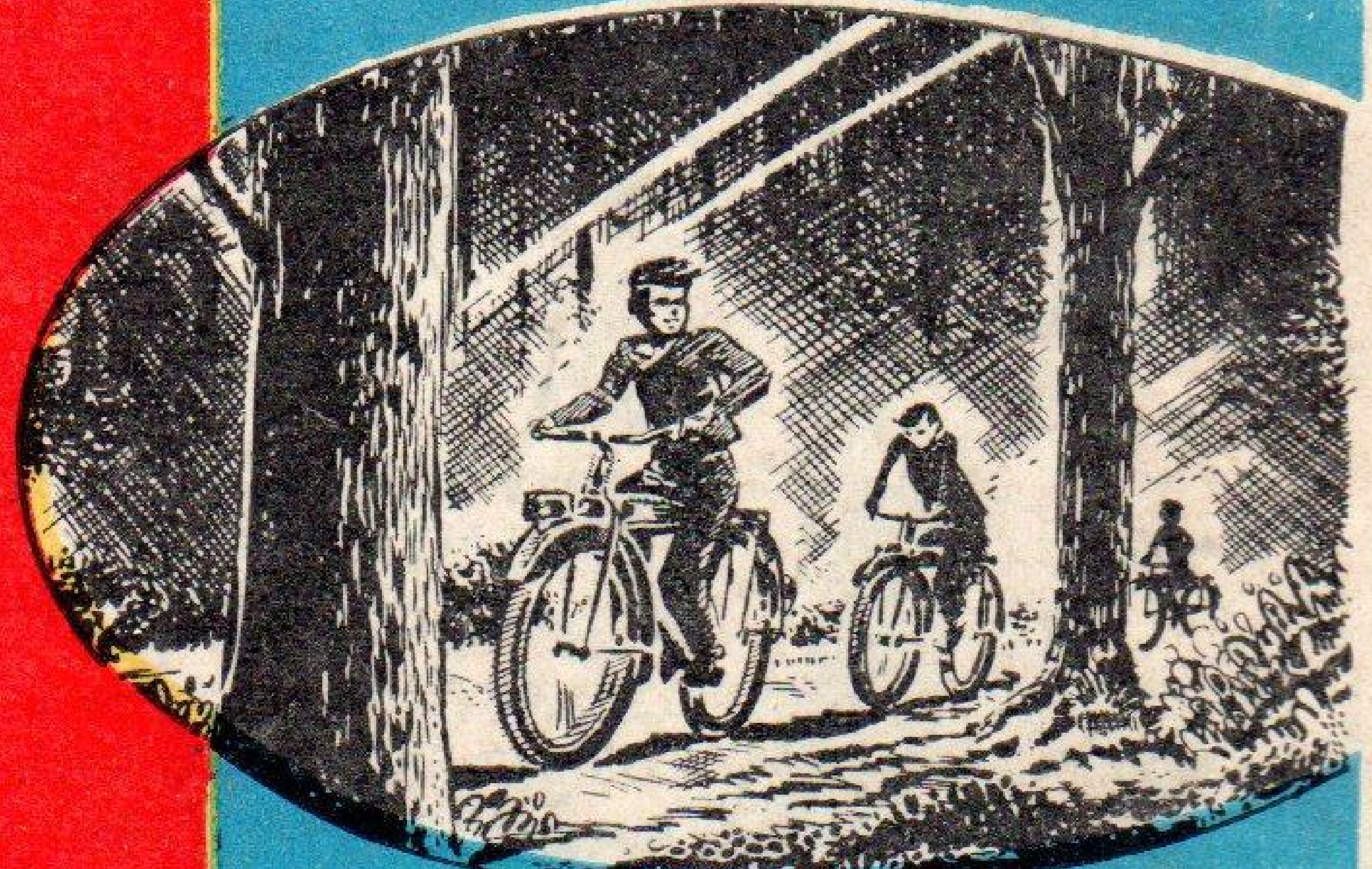
CHECK ONE

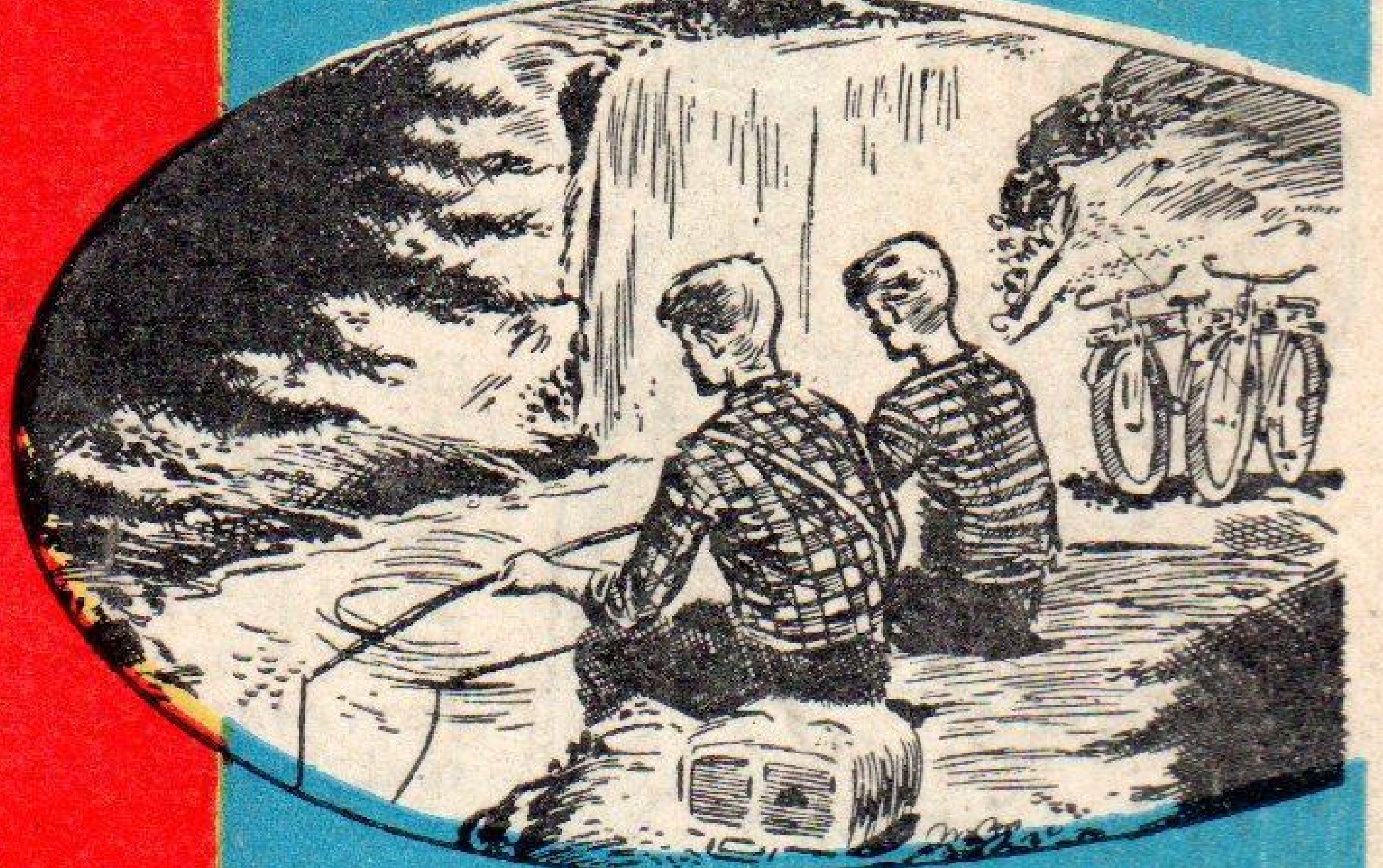
☐ I am enclosing $________. Send my order POSTPAID.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $________ plus postage.
Name________________
Please print clearly
Address________________
City________Zone____State________

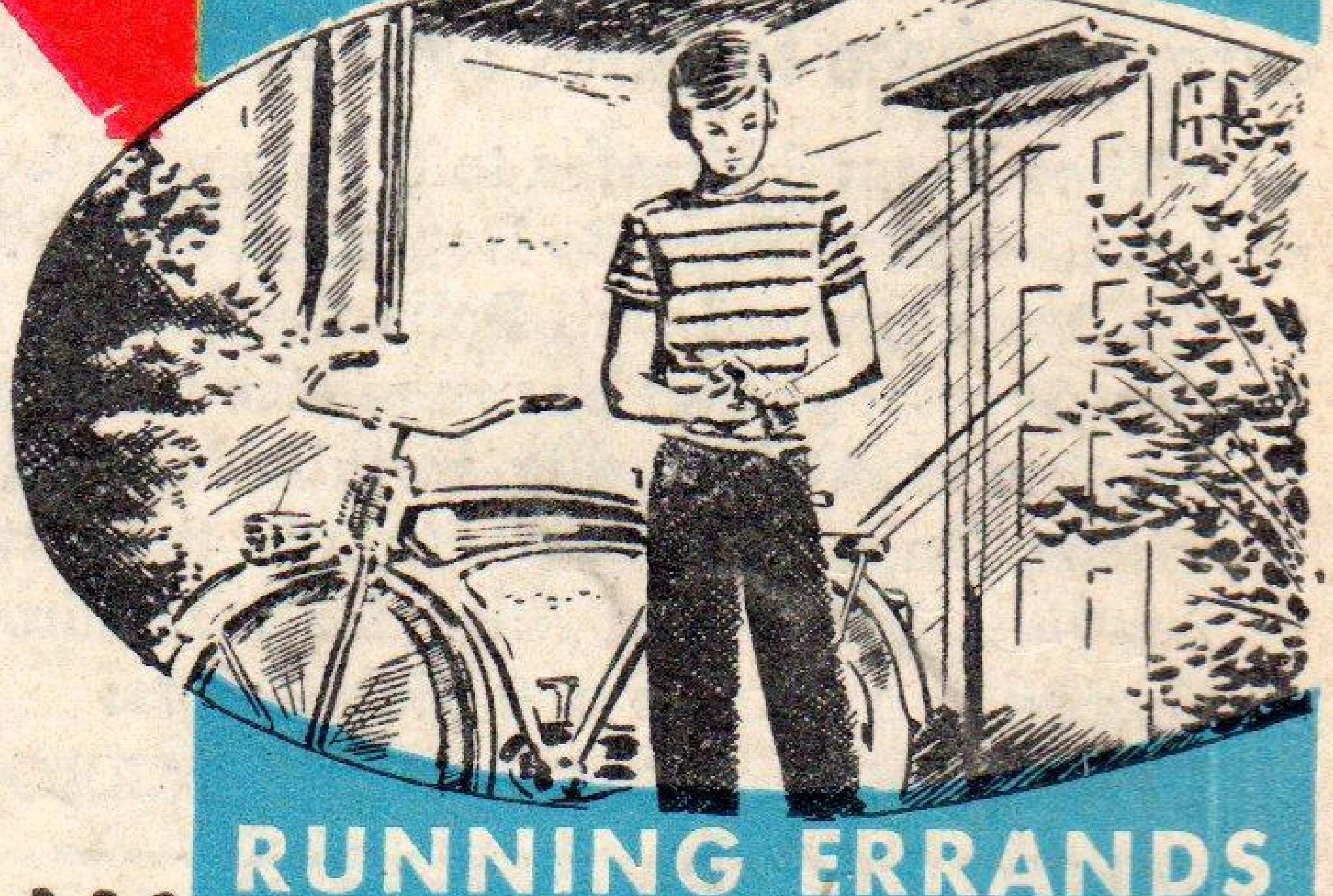
HAVE FUN... EARN MONEY... *with the New* MONARK *Super Deluxe*




... CAMPING


... EXPLORING


... FISHING


... RUNNING ERRANDS

A GREAT BIKE! ... WITH EXCLUSIVE NEW FEATURES GALORE!

Go places . . . do things . . . with Monark . . . the bike sensation of 1947! Positive shock absorbing double-spring cushion front fork . . . gleaming chrome finish air-style design headlight with "road-focus" beam . . . auto-type rear reflector with permanent shockproof mounting . . . airline style pedal crank and drive assembly . . . and dozens of other exciting new features

ONE YEAR'S FIRE AND THEFT INSURANCE INCLUDED IN PURCHASE PRICE

Tell "Mom" and "Dad" you need a Monark . . . how you can run errands and do many things to help pay for it. Mail coupon for beautiful illustrated folder showing the complete line. Insist on a Monark . . . the world's finest bike. For sale by leading stores everywhere.

MONARK

MONARK SILVER KING, INC.
DEPT. A-26—6501 W. GRAND AVE.
CHICAGO 35, ILLINOIS

CREATORS OF THE FAMOUS ALUMINUM SILVER KING

ILLUSTRATED FOLDER *Free!*

MONARK SILVER KING, INC., DEPT. A-26
6501 W. GRAND AVE., CHICAGO 35, ILL.

Please send free illustrated folder showing the complete new Monark line in full color.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY____________________STATE__________